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ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THOMAS GRAY.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day:
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea;
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;—

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow, twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
Nor children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike, the inevitable hour:—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle, and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
Some heart, once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood,

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;—
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet, even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial, still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelled by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,—
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,—
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires:
Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply, some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree:
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere:
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery all he had—a tear:—
He gained from Heaven—'twas all he wished—a friend.

Nor farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,—
(There they, alike, in trembling hope, repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

Written Expressly for the Toledo Blade.

Throne and Scaffold.

A Historical Romance

BY ERNEST WARREN.

BOOK I—THE ABBOTT.

CHAPTER XIII.

COURT NEWS.

The Earl received the packet presented to him with every outward show of respect, and then with a courteous manner, which none knew better than he how to assume, offered the hospitality of his castle to the bearer of the King's dispatch and to those who accompanied him.

In an instant the court-yard became a scene of bustle and confusion as the Earl's men vied one with another in showing attention to their lord's visitors. The knights and their squires, who had ridden hard and fast, were glad to quit the saddle, and not disinclined to the solid creature comforts they could see being prepared in the kitchen which was open to the outer air, and for which the hot gallop across the plain had whetted their appetite.

The pages of the Earl of Castletowers bustled hither and thither, now holding a stirrup to assist a cavalier to dismount, anon lending a hand in bearing off the light armor of which the wearers were glad to rid themselves, while others brought forward silver flagons, (not a few the spoils of the Abbey of Totteridge) filled with spiced wines, which they offered to those of high rank, the retainers being content with heavy draughts of ale from the hooped black jack.

The steeds of the visitors required no less care than did their riders; and amidst the trampling of their hoofs and the loud neighings with which they expressed their gratification at the removal of the heavy caparison they bore, the entire party, conducted by the Earl in person, streamed into the banqueting hall, where preparations had been already commenced for a meal in honor of those who had arrived from the court of King Henry.

"And," said the Earl, with great urbanity "may I presume to ask by what title I should address the bearer of this dispatch?"

"I am but a poor Earl like yourself, at your service," answered he of the golden collar, "and men call me Surrey."

There was a half-smothered exclamation of surprise from those who were near enough to hear this avowal, and even the lordly owner of Risborough himself betrayed a momentary astonishment.

The name of the Earl of Surrey, son of the all potent Duke of Norfolk, was known throughout the length and breadth of England wherever there was an arm strong enough to wield a sword or draw a bow, wherever a love-sick maiden sighed her heart out to the moon in the tender lyrics of his composition, and wherever chivalry and gallantry were revered.

He was acknowledged by all but a few jealous rivals, to be the bravest, handsomest and best of the Lords at the court of King Harry, and his prowess, whether in the battle field or the tournament, the council chamber or the ball room, as a votary of Mars or of Venus, was without parallel.

The Earl of Castletowers, taking him by the hand on this avowal of his rank, bade him thrice welcome, and led him to the seat of honor, while at the far end of the hall the retainers and dependants crowded with eager, straining eyes, to catch a glimpse of a man who was so great a hero in the tented field, so noted a conqueror in the lists of Cupid.

Not more than four or five and twenty, his features were no less remarkable for their beauty than was his body for its muscular proportions, yet perfect symmetry, and as he lounged carelessly in the quaintly-carved chair his sharply-chiseled, classic face surrounded by waving locks of chestnut hair, his bright eyes roaming restlessly, inquiringly on every side, so that nothing escaped his observation, he looked indeed a Prince among men.

Handsomely, almost foppishly, dressed, with every decoration that could add to his appearance, he might have been misjudged for one of those carpet knights whose tongues were more active than their swords, but so well known were his acts of bravery and gallantry that he could afford to affect a gay exterior and an almost feminine love of personal adornment.

Those who accompanied him for the most part imitated his style, and presented a strong contrast to the rough-habited, scarred and sunbrowned warriors, who formed the personal retinue of the Earl of Castletowers.

"By your leave, good Earl," said the Lord of Risborough, who had been turning the packet which bore the King's seal uneasily in his hands, "by your leave, I will inquire into his most gracious majesty's commands," and with a dagger which he took from his girdle, he cut the silken thread, and opening out the parchment, glanced his fierce eyes over the contents of the scroll.

As he did so his face grew black as night, and his heavy brows lowered and contracted in wrath, signs which the Earl of Surrey refused to observe as lolling in his chair as if Risborough castle had been his home from boyhood, he told to an eager listening throng of the pleasures and delights of court life, and dwelt on the great festivities already in preparation to celebrate the coming to England of the Lady Anne of Cleves, whom his gracious master, King Henry, was about to honor by placing on the throne of England as his fourth wife.

"Know you the contents of this packet?" asked the Earl of Castletowers, roughly striking it with his heavy hand.

"Aye, my Lord, indifferent well."

"I will speak further on the matter at the morrow's dawn."

"At your leisure, my good Lord."

"Trouble, trouble, or I am no true man," muttered Capt. Vamp beneath his breath, for accustomed as he was to every mood of his master he read in his Lord's face that the communication just received was far from welcome, though he was compelled to restrain his wrath in the presence of the messenger from the King. "I have heard of this young popinjay" he continued in soliloquy, "The grip of steel in the glove of silk, for all his careless Frenchified airs he is watching us all. There is mischief in the air—more than we wot of—I will e'en see if a cup of wine will not aid me to fathom this mystery."

In endeavoring to elbow his way from the hall, with this laudable ambition, however, Master Vamp was stopped by half a dozen trumpeters sounding a flourish as they entered with stately stride, preceding the banquet, which, always plentiful to the verge of waste, was on this occasion far more profuse than usual in honor of the Earl of Surrey and those whom he had brought with him.

The Earl of Castletowers and his guest, together with those whose birth was sufficiently noble to warrant the distinction, sat at the upper end of the long table, in the midst of which a large silver salt cellar occupied a prominent position, the closest observance being given to the laws which regulated who should sit above and who below it. Then all having taken their places, the trumpets still continuing an apparently endless flourish, the substantial viands of the banquet were brought in solemn state and placed upon the table.

Flecks of brawn and gammon were there in number, while geese and artfully contrived pastries with pudding and pies, formed a relief to the plainer joints of beef and pork.

At the lower end of the table ale circulated freely, while the more honored of the diners slaked their thirst with spiced hippocras and other wines.

The meal proceeded right merrily, and though the young Earl of Surrey by no means neglected the dishes put before him his tongue continued pleasantly chattering and gossiping of the Court and Court life, which was as news from another world to the majority of his hearers, who drank in every word that fell from his lips, and marveled that so sprightly a courtier should be so distinguished a knight.

Crowded as the long banqueting hall was, from end to end, the perpetual clatter and noise, hardly overpowered by the trumpets which ever and anon sounded shrill and clear, made the scene at all events at the lower end, one of the greatest confusion, but so powerful and penetrating, yet musical withal, was the young Earl's voice, that to those at the higher table his anecdotes, his jokes and his scandals were distinctly audible.

The ponderous meal at last disposed of, and the remnants of the feast removed, the Lord of Risborough sat in his chair of state, with bent brows and moody look, scarcely conscious for the time of the presence of visitors whom it behooved him to entertain, till the Earl of Surrey appealing to him, asked if it were not the custom to let music follow the banquet, and while his host still hesitated, for no such courtly refinements were practiced at Risborough Castle, the young Earl continued:

"Aye, but I warrant me, there be some amongst this goodly company who can troll us a ballad, whether it be the warrior in praise of his flagon, or the beardless page in honor of his bright-eyed mistress."

There was a pause, until from far down the table Vamp, urged thereto by his friends on either side, rose somewhat unsteadily to his feet, and said:

"An it please the Earl, my master, though I be but a crow at song, I will e'en do my best."

"Spoken like a brave soldier," cried the Earl of Surrey; "do it with a will, man, and I wager, if thou lovest music as well as thy face would show thou lovest the bottle, twill be a right merry lay that will gladden our ears."

With sundry hummings and hawings, Vamp struck up to a brisk tune the following words, those round about him joining more willingly than melodiously in the chorus.

Sing hey for a cherry cheeked lass,
Ha, ha!
Sing hey for a bottle and glass,
Ho, ho!
For life's but a span,
So 'tis right that a man
Should enjoy ev'ry day ere it pass,
Hurra!!

Chorus—
So fill the cup, and with right merry shout
We'll drink to the lasses we can't do without.

"A good song well sung, master soldier," and then the young noble added aside, "Beshrew me, but he hath an ill looking face; a cut-throat dog as ever I saw."

"He is a faithful and an honest servant," cried the Earl angrily, resenting the words of his guest.

The young Earl smiled somewhat disdainfully and without replying to his host, but rather addressing the whole company, said:

"I ask no man to do that which I am not ready to attempt myself. If one amongst ye have a mandoline I will e'en sing you a strain of which it has pleased his majesty himself to approve. 'Tis but a trifle, but 'twill serve to wile away the time."

The instrument being handed to him, he touched the strings with the air of a master, and after playing a short prelude sang the song that follows in a sweet tenor voice of considerable compass:

Mischief loving cupid, playing
Where my sweet and I were straying,
Idly winged his feathered dart;
Flew the arrow, love conveying
Where my sweet and I were straying.
Alas, my heart!—Poor heart!

Cruel fate, our love betraying,
As my sweet and I were straying,
Paused her lance our lives to part;
Weeping, wailing but obeying,
Separate ways we two went straying.
Alas, my heart!—Poor heart!

So gracefully was the song sung and with so much taste, that the applause which followed was not only loud but genuine, even the Earl rousing himself from his lethargy, to bestow well-deserved praise upon his guest.

Sir Gregory handed the mandoline to one of his retinue, and desired him to sing, a command with which he readily complied, and the music thus commenced passed from one to another, away down the table, nor was the enlivening wine kept long standing, and when amongst the rougher element, strong waters were introduced the harmony bade fair to degenerate quickly into noise. At this juncture, with a wave of the hand, the noble host, upstanding, commanded the trumpets again to strike a flourish, in the midst of which he, with the young Earl of Surrey at his right hand, walked in solemn state the length of the banquetting hall, saluted by the entire assemblage standing, and passed out into the court-yard across which the last rays of the declining sun were throwing long, fantastic shadows. Here the Earl of Castletowers excused himself to his guest, on the plea of important business in connection with the King's mandate, to which the young nobleman responded with a graceful compliment, only craving permission to ascend the keep to enjoy the widespreading view before the setting sun should blot out half the fairer features of the landscape.

To and fro paced the son of the proud Duke of Norfolk, mingling freely with those who sought to glean from him some further insight into the mysteries and marvels of palace life, his tongue ever at their service, now in terms so nearly allied to poetry as to thrill all listeners as he told of the melancholy death of the Queen Jane Seymour, shortly after giving birth to an heir to the crown, now rich in a vein of rollicking humor as he narrated some amusing incidents connected with his recent campaign against the French King, and the while whether walking with martial stride, or lounging in the embrasures of the castle summit his actions were marked with an ease and grace which it seemed impossible for others to imitate with any degree of success.

But as time rolled on, and the sun in a golden glory sank behind the round-topped hills, he in his turn became questioner, and from many mouths, all more than eager to assert pre-eminent knowledge, he heard the story of the siege of the Abbey, the cold-blooded murder of the Abbot, the sacking of the treasure, and the destruction by fire of the noble gothic pile, the grimed ruins of which were discernible in the faint after-glow, amidst the half-destroyed woods once the proud boast of the Brotherhood, who for centuries had held them for their own without molestation.

It was only when he asked laughingly, sitting carelessly swinging one leg backwards and forwards, and apparently occupied with the adjustment of the gold chain with its jeweled pendant, which he wore around his neck, what had become of the vast treasure removed from the Abbey, that a silence fell upon those around him.

There were some amongst them who had heard that the great Duke of Norfolk had only outwardly embraced the reformed religion, and was still a Papist at heart, looked upon by those of that persuasion as the leader of their party. To those who had heard this rumor it seemed the outspoken revelations of the storming and sacking of the Abbey, in in the event of the restoration of the old religion—and in such times of change no one could say how soon that might occur—might lead to awkward reprisals, and urgent demands for restitution; hence the silence when the Earl of Surrey asked his question.

If he noticed the hesitation in replying, he gave no outward sign of doing so, and as if it were a matter of no moment, passed on gaily to other topics and by his wit and pleasant engaging manner soon had them all clustered like bees about him once again.

And so the hours passed by and darkness dropped upon the castle and its surroundings like a pall. A little later the Earl of Castletowers appeared upon the battlements, to bid his guests to supper, after which by the flaring light of torches, they were conducted to the chambers in which the best sleeping accommodation had been provided which time would allow.

But long after silence had fallen upon the castle and its inmates were hushed in sleep, a light burnt in the private chamber of the Earl.

In a massive carved oak chair, the gilded miter on the back of which revealed that it had once belonged to the Abbot of Totteridge, sat the Lord of Risborough, the parchment bearing the King's seal spread before him, his dark brows knit, his sinewy hands tight clenched.

"If I only dared—if I only had the courage to defy the King" he muttered. Rising from his seat he took two or three rapid paces up and down the narrow chamber, and then suddenly flinging a cloak about him, he stepped forth into the cool night air and ascended the stone steps which led to the battlements.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Fair Point.

Detroit Free Press.

Col. "Bob" Ingersoll charges the Bible with responsibility for cruelty, bloodshed, war, polygamy, slavery and ignorance. But as yet we believe he has not charged it with making men defenders of a thief who steals the public money, breaking their promises and delaying, if not defeating, justice, violating the decencies of a Court by calling another man a liar and violently pounding the table with his fist. These and charging men 50 cents a head for emancipating them from superstition are, we suppose, the fruits of infidelity.

NASBY IN EXILE.

The North of England.

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I.

From Antwerp to London is a night's sail across the German sea. We went in an English steamer, a very commodious and pleasant craft. Whatever the Englishman may be on land, on the water he is a very desirable person. He always has good ships, and no man on earth knows better how to sail them.

We land at Harwich, and go through the Custom House ordeal once more. Cigars and tobacco are cheap in Belgium, and very dear in England, and so all the passengers who used tobacco provided themselves liberally with cigars and tobacco. Tibbitts had been told by a dealer in Antwerp that if a box of cigars were broken it would pass an English Custom House without duty, and so he bought six boxes, and put two in his own valise, and he persuaded the faro banker-ess to put two in hers, and her husband two in his, taking out of each a half-dozen in order to break the box.

Confidently they opened their valises, each having two boxes "just for my own use."

Mr. Tibbitts was horrified to see the Custom house fiend throw the boxes on scales, and remark, "Two pounds five shillin, twopence."

"But these cigars are for our own use," said Tibbitts.

"Certinly — you don't look like a dealer."

"But there ain't no duty on broken boxes."

"When tobacco or cigars exceeds half a pound there's a duty by the pound."

And Mr Tibbitts paid it and found by an elaborate calculation that his cigars had cost him more in Antwerp than they would in London, and the choicest Oshkosh profanity was showered upon the head of the Antwerp dealer who had pursuaded him to buy more than half a pound.

"It is the same the world over," said he. "The mania for making money completely swallows up every sense of right, of law, of equity, of everything. To make a paltry sale and a paltry profit that miserable tobacconist in Antwerp has subjected me to an absolute loss. There is no honesty in mankind."

"No," replied the Professor, "there is none. We are all grasping. Let us censure the Antwerp tobacconist, but let us not forget the Oshkosh young man who intended to misrepresent the true condition of things to defraud the British Government of its just dues. While we condemn Antwerp for misrepresenting to Oshkosh, let us be just and condemn Oshkosh for an attempt to overreach the British people."

"Professor," said Tibbitts, solemnly, "you must remember that to the British Government we owe the cost of a long and bloody war for independence, the war of 1812, and the aid it gave the South in our late rebellion. But for that aid my father would not have been compelled to send a substitute for my brother Jim, who had too much presence of mind and too great self-control to volunteer. Whatever that substitute cost the family the British people owe me, but there is no deadly hatreds between the Antwerp tobacconist and myself—he had no great wrongs to avenge. For me to swindle the British Government is a high and holy duty. Am I to give of my money to enable the British to enslave other races? Never. What was a virtue in me is a crime in the Antwerp tobacconist, and if I ever go to that City again, for the promotion of common honesty I'll punch his head."

We passed the Custom House and finally found ourselves in dingy, rusty, smoky, foggy London again.

From London to Birmingham we pass through one of the most delightful countries in England. There is a constant succession of lovely villages, an unending panorama of beautiful farms, making a rural landscape which no country but England has; you pass through a soft, hazy atmosphere, with a base of non-metallic green; you pass beautiful lanes lined with hedges, beautiful fields dotted with umbrageous oaks, the whole diversified with red-tiled houses, quaint in form and comfortable in appearance, with the finest cattle that any country has, grazing peacefully and sleepily everywhere. English rural life might be made a heaven, if one can only be quiet enough to live it. I hope to strike something like in America, when I get to be 80 or 90 years old, and have lost the desire of bustling around or accomplishing anything in particular.

Your approach to Birmingham changes it. You know when you are nearing Birmingham a long way off. There is a heavy pall of smoke covering the City, which the avarice of man has raised to shut out the glad sunlight of nature. A pall scarcely perceivable at first but which increases as you near it, precisely as everything selfish densifies and solidifies as you come to it, and then as you plunge into it you sicken as you leave the beauty of nature behind, and are enveloped in what is purely man's creation.

Whatever God made is in and of itself beautiful. There is something even in an ice peak that has beauty in it, an extinct grater has some shape and form that challenges the eye, but an English manufacturing City is so bare that what little there is that is attractive is so besmirched with man's handiwork, so defaced by the greed of man, as to make it devoid of any pleasure.

Birmingham is of earth earthy, it is a place for the exercise of the greed of the rich and the center of the suffering of the poor.

From its beginning Birmingham has been famous for the number of its workers of metals. In the immediate vicinity of the coal production of the Kingdom, it has always been a metal town and always will be. In the olden time when swords were of more use than to-day, the smiths and cutlers employed their talents upon war material, but as the times changed the manufacturers went into everything else made of iron and metals. They make the largest possible steam engines in Birmingham and so small a thing as a steel pen. The old house of Joseph Gillott, whose pens are known wherever writing is practiced, is in Birmingham, and with the rare catholicity of the money-maker they make iron, brass and leaden images for the heathen of the South Seas. They will make anything that is wanted, from a steam engine to a pocket model of Juggernaut, provided the party wanting it has ready money or is responsible. There is precious little sentiment in money, and the Birmingham manufacturer is probable the least sentimental man on the globe.

Birmingham is a City of over 700,000 population. One of the principal use of the travel is to take the conceit out of the traveler. We are in the habit in America of supposing that all the growth and all the development of the world is confined to our blessed country, but we find when we do get abroad, that the whole world outside of America is not stagnant, that growth and development are going on everywhere, and that men think, act, and do in effete Europe as well as in progressive Yankee-land. One hundred years ago Birmingham had a population of 50,000 to-day it has nearly 700,000, and take into account the scores of villages about, of which Birmingham is the centre whose population should be counted and Birmingham is a City of a million of inhabitants. What was the basis of this growth? The enterprise that made manufactures. This million of people are all dependent for their livlihood upon manufactures, the making of goods which go the uttermost ends of the earth. Birmingham fire-arms are used by the American sportsman and American Indian. The carving-knife in the fashionable New York hotel, and the scalping-knife that denudes the head of the Western settle are both made in Birmingham. Silver-plated goods for the table, pens for the counting room, swords, daggers, stilettos for Spain and bowie-knives for Southwestern America, machetes for Cuba and scimetars for India are all made in Birmingham. Buttons, papier-mache, pins, needles, hooks and eyes, toys of every description, kitchen ware, idols, in short everything that enters into every-day use, either for peace or war, utility, luxury or amusement, it is all made in Birmingham.

Birmingham is a vast work-shop, where capital and labor combine to send products to every corner of the globe, civilized and uncivilized.

Its people are like their manufactures, iron. They have no more idea of beauty, except in their goods, than a Quakeress, though in a good-natured way they have put up some few statues of their great men, and some of its citizens having made more money out of the manufacture of weapons for murder, and idols for heathen, than they knew what to do with, have erected some very handsome churches and hospitals. But for beauty for the sake of beauty it has none.

And when it comes to the amenities of life the Birmingham manufacturer knows nothing of them. They are not in his line. They watch a stranger, especially an American, as though he was there to steal a trip-hammer, and for downright incivility and boorishness they are equalled by few and excelled by none. We had an experience. We desired to visit an iron manufacturing concern, and in search of the office or some place where we could get permission, happened to enter the grounds. One of the managers saw us, and he came at us, his face scarlet with rage, and his ugly mouth full of curses. "It's d—d impertinence sir! You are here to learn something to carry away with you. It's a piece of d—d impertinence."

Mr. Tibbitts remarked calmly that we did come to learn something—common decency and common courtesy, "but I perceive," said the imperturbable young man, "I perceive, sir, that we are in the wrong shop. You don't deal in those articles."

We retired in good order, and not at all ruffled. We still struggled to have a good opinion of the Birminghammer. One brute doesn't make a City.

The artisans of Birmingham are underpaid, under-fed and consequently improvident. They live in wretched tenements, eat what they can get, and like all English operatives, drink enormous quantities of ale every day and gin when on special occasions.

From Birmingham to Manchester the road runs through the coal region of England, and every rod discloses a new hideosity. Coal pits open their ugly mouths everywhere, furnaces of all kinds belch forth smoke that fills the sky and besmirches the fair face of nature, and wretched rows of huts that a Digger Indian would reject are everywhere, and half-naked women and children and great, hulking, brutal-looking men constantly offend the eye. Before the coal mines were worked to the extent they are, this was a beautiful country, but as an Englishman would take the stars out of the heavens if he could turn them to a profit, all this beauty was recklessly destroyed. Beauty doesn't pay and coal does.

The colliers used to make as high as £3 a week, when the times were good, or rather might have made it had they worked, but they were then and are now the most wretched of all of England's laborers. They will work just long enough to get means for a debanch, in which all their earnings go immediately. Their tastes and their amusements are brutal. They dearly love fisticuffs, and next to that a dog fight. The most of them possess a bull-pup which is considered valuable property. *Punch* was wont to illustrate them. One scene was the interior of a collier's hut:

Collier to his Wife—"Jane, where's the milk ye took in this morning?"

Wife—I gie it to the baby."

Collier—"Gie it to the baby! and the pup hasn't had his yet."

And another was a collier, full of beer, and his daughter at a gathering in the village:

Daughter—"Feyther, hast the foghten yet?"

Father—"Naa."

Daughter (entreatingly)—"Well, feyther, go and foght and then come whoam. Mother's sick."

The truthful *Punch* did not exaggerate. I saw thousands capable of just that. The wages of the colliers now run about 15 shillings a week.

Stoke upon-Trent is a rather interesting city to visit, it being the seat of the pottery manufacture. The world-famous Minturn works are located here, and wonderful works they are. Here in Stoke is made all that wonderful china that ornaments the tables of the wealthy all over the civilized world. You shall see in long work-rooms hundreds of women of all ages—from 10 to 70—doing all sorts of work, the motto of the pottery manufacturer being, like all other humanity-grinders, "the most labor for the least money."

The most wonderfully beautiful pottery ware in the world is made here. Nature is ransacked for beautiful forms to put upon china, and trained artists are employed to put them there. Flowers, fern-leaves, mosses, plumage, everything that is beautiful, is painted upon the ware, and, after going through many processes, they go all over the world.

The painters are mostly women, as women, not being so able to emigrate, or dig coal, or do anything but light labor, can be worked a little closer to starvation than a man. A girl enters this factory at ten, serves an apprenticeship of seven years, and when she can paint the most beautiful things in nature, in a really artistic way, she finds herself in the enjoyment of a salary of about $7 a week. Then some man in the employ of the house marries her and the two combine their wages. Children come as a matter of course, and they have a rather hard time of it till the children are old enough to put into the works, which occurs as early as they can walk, and then their little stipends are made to eke out the scanty living.

Just think of a woman painting a flower so beautifully close to nature that bees are deceived into lighting upon them, doing this exquisite work for $7 a week! And when you think that men compel them to do this for their own profit it makes the parable relating to the difficulty of the rich man's entering the kingdom of heaven understandable. The more you travel in England the better you apprehend some portions of the Scriptures.

"As these operatives cannot save anything, what becomes of them when they get too old to work?" we asked.

"There's the work 'ouse for 'em," was the ready answer, and the Superintendent who answered thus did not blush.

The work-house at the end of 60 years of labor. That's England.

Tibbitts remarked after leaving these works that a close inspection of his knees would show that they were calloused, thanking heaven that he was born in the United States. And he went on to say that inasmuch as women could possibly do only a very things, so few that there were 10 applicants for every place, and this competition reduced their pay to the point of starvotion, and that as marriage only resulted in increasing mouths without a corresponding increase of food, he couldn't really understand what women were created for, unless it was the plan of nature that 1,500 operatives should live in hovels that 10 proprietors might live in palaces. Could he amend nature he should move for a suspension of the feminine part of humanity till some plan could be devised for permitting them to live in samething like decent comfort. He could not understand the delights of a life that was a constant skirmish for a full stomach, nor could he comprehend the use of a mouth without corresponding beef. Mr. Tibbitts was willing to admit that nature was all right, but he must assert that man had played the devil with it. He would not charge the half-starved women artists of Stoke upon-Trent up to the account of nature. Their condition was evidently the work of man.

There arose a discussion as to the possibilities of happiness on this earth.

We had in our party from London to Birmingham the Young Man Who Knows Everything, who was in a growling mood. If it rained, it rained too much; if it did not rain, it was too much sun; and he found fault with things in general. It was very warm, and he growled.

Tibbitts pounced upon him ferociously.

"I suppose," said Tibbitts, "that you think you could have made this world better than it is! I suppose you know all about the plans and designs of the Creator, and that your intelligence is superior to that which made the oceans and the mountains, which arranged the seasons, and brought things into general and regular working order! Who are you, anyhow? Why wasn't you consulted about it? *You* growl! *You* find fault with what is! Why, you simpleton, don't you know that nothing could be better than it is? Don't you see that there was not only a design in the arrangement of things, but that that design was beneficent and that everything is fixed for the delight of the creature? We commence in the early Spring with parsnips, and following close upon their heels comes asparagus. Hot whisky shades off into lager beer, and following this comes strawberries and iced rum punches. Then we have early apples, then peaches, and later on come oysters and ales, and the fragrant sausage and the tender spareribs come in still later to satisfy an always craving appetite. In the late Winter and early Spring the juicy ham and the tender buckwheat relieve the monotony, with the lovely egg as an addition, and when you tire of them and the meat-fed system demands a change, you come to where I started you, the parsnip and the early Spring vegetables. Whisky plain you have with you all the time, with ice to cool it in the Summer and fire to heat it in the Winter.

"Life is an unending round of delights—there is the warm and cosy fire-place to sit by in the Winter, the cool, vine-shaded verandah in the Summer. The cotton fields of the South give us appropriate garments for the Summer, the wool-clad sheep for the Winter. The tender calf dies for Summer eating, the sturdy porker for the Winter. The Laplander has his blubber, charged with carbon, the South Sea Islander his cooling bannapas. And all these things come about just when we want them, the heating pork in Winter when we need meat, the cooling fruit in Summer when we need cooling food and drinks. Is there any intelligence in this? However there's no use in appealing to you in any matter of intelligence. Possibly you could have bettered it. Go to. I blush for you.

The next day it was very warm, very, and Tibbitts himself complained.

"Lemuel," said the Professor, "you should not complain. Without the heat the corn would not ripen, nor would the wheat that nourisheth. It is necessary."

"Bother," said Lemuel. "Couldn't nature given us wheat that would ripen in some heat less than this which wilts a shirt-colar in a minute? Or, if nature provided for the wheat and corn first, couldn't we have been made so that we should rather have enjoyed a furnace than otherwise? I suppose you will go on and say that without the thermometer down to zero we would have no ice to cool ourselves with. Very good. Why wasn't we made so that we wouldn't want ice? In short, why wasn't we made so as to enjoy a thermometer at zero, or one at 90 degrees in the shade, and the weather and everything else conforming? It would have been just as easy to have made a peach that would ripen at 30 below, I suppose, as it is to require this infernal heat. Or if that was found to be not just the proper thing, why were we created with a desire for peaches at all? It isn't to be understood. For everything that is good that we get we have to pay in personal discomfort, and everything that we really yearn for is wicked. Why couldn't water be scarce and the streams run with Bass ale? Why must a headache follow a pleasant night, and why—"

The Professor escaped and Lemuel did not finish his sentence.

The young man could argue on either side, and which side he might take in a controversy depended very much upon who was his opponent.

NOT A DRUM WAS HEARD.

Listeners never Hear any Good of Themselves.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A young society swell recently took advantage of a sunny afternoon to call on one of Chicago's belles for the purpose of inviting her to the threater. As the young lady in question was not in her sister undertook to entertain the young gentleman. After the usual limited round of society topics had been talked over the gentleman took the lady to task for her frequent adjectival appellation of "dear" and "darling" in speaking of her, averring that in his opinion it was affected. The young lady laughingly denied this. At this moment the absent sister was seen returning and the incredulous young man proposed to put the matter to a test by concealing himself behind the curtains, and thus overhear their conversation unhampered by society restrictions. The young lady assented to this plan with evident willingness, and the doubter was effectually concealed in the lace mazes of the curtain.

"Why, my dear, how long you have been absent," said she to the returning sister as she entered the parlor. "You dear darling, why did you not come sooner." "Well," responded the matter-of-fact belle, "what in the world is the matter with you? Are you crazy?" The young man grinned in triumph behind the curtains but now came the wily young lady's turn. "My dear," said she, "you don't know what you have missed. Mr. A. was here to invite you to the theater." "Don't I," was the response; "I am glad I was absent. He is the silliest young man in Chicago."

There was a smothered groan, like the cry of Polonius, behind the curtains.

"Not a drum was heard,
Not a funeral note,
As forth from the ramparts he hurried."

A Double Slip.

Springfield Republican.

A Chicago editor says that "Oscar Wilde gets $200 a night for being an ass, while we remain poor," and a St. Louis ditto retorts, "Imitations, brother, are often more taking than the real thing." But the use of the word "brother" appears to have been inadvertent.

HERE AND THERE IN IRELAND.

Mr. Patterson's Report—Where the Pigs Went—But Little English in Connaught—Why She Did Not Go to England.

BY JAMES REDPATH.

LXIII.

IN THE GALWAY VILLAGE OF BARNA.

"Our conveyance was pulled up in front of a row of very decent looking houses," continues Mr. Patterson, to whom we must now return. "Dismounting, we proceeded into the village which, at first sight, presented a rather rugged appearance, and which did not improve our first impressions of the dwellings it contained.

"There appeared to be houses sufficient to give shelter to 200 or 250 inhabitants, while the rows of dwellings were scattered about with very little attempt at regularity, and with not the least display of architectural merit. Prominent amongst them were three fairly good, strong, stout dwellings. These, with the row of decent looking cottages, beside the postoffice, were inhabited by the officers and men of the Coast Guard service stationed at the place, and the real inhabitants were to be found in the miserable huts—we could not decently give them any other name—which formed the remainder of the places of habitation in Barna.

Mr. Patterson then describes the ordinary cabin and mode of life of the peasant in the west of Ireland. I abreviate his narrative:

"The stones gathered off the land evidently formed the masonry, (of the cabins) whilst the wet sludgy turf from the most boggy parts of the bog peat has been used as cement, the material having been laid irregularly and bound together by layers of this composition."

"* * * The largest of these huts covered an area of about 12 feet square. The irregular walls were not by any means square, whilst their roofs were thatched with straw. * * * The general run of them were much smaller than the above measurement, and some of them could not have covered an area of more than seven or eight feet square, each.

"No chimneys existed—a hole in the roof doing duty, (but only imperfectly, I fear,) as the amount of smoke we encountered in the interior of the dwellings, when we commenced our inspection in doors, led both Mr. Bryson and myself to conclude that more smoke remained in the dwellings and escaped by the door than went out by the intended passage. The same hole must let into the dwelling a large amount of bad weather, when a westerly gale sweeps down the Bay of Galway—both of wind and rain—although it also lets in light, which reaches the interior of the cabin almost wholly through the smoke hole and the open door.

"Internally, we found the cabins as wretched as their outside appearance indicated. There was very little difference in their interior domestic economy.

"The fire was usually placed against one of the walls of the dwelling, the smoke being allowed to find its way from the the heaps of turf piled on the floor, to the roof hole overhead,—just as it could.

"The plastered walls, and the naked earth underneath,—hard in dry weather, as we saw it, but damp and muddy in wet weather—completes the structural formation of the house.

"In a few of the huts we saw, on the wall opposite to that against which the fireplace stood, a clumsy imitation of a cupboard, but this convenience was exceptional, and there was usually neither closet nor cupboard.

"A frame on short legs in one corner, had the appearance of a bed-stead, but what was placed on it for bedding and bed clothes we could not discover. When we found such bed-steads they had heaped upon them what appeared to be a pile of rags, when viewed by the imperfect light of the hut, and as we were never invited to inspect them closely we never ascertained for certain what they were.

"A plank set on four legs, each about the hight of a pickshaft, formed the usual (often the only) place for sitting in the apartment; but sometimes these rough forms were supplemented by a 'cracket' or two.

"Tables were unknown—nor was there an ornament or a picture to grace the poor dw

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubs.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, MAY 18.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

"It's no use to feel of me wrist, docther," said Pat, when the physician began taking his pulse: "the pain's not there, surr; it's in me hid entirely."—*Boston Transcript.*

There are many remedies advertised for the purpose, but the best way to make hens lay is to post up in the chicken house a notice that eggs are going down five cents a dozen every day.—*North American Manufacturer.*

"Is the neighborhood much bothered with cats?" asks a gentleman, who was negotiating for the lease of a house.

"It used to be," frankly answered the landlord, "but since a French restaurant was opened round the corner there hasn't been one seen."

Sportsmen along the Hudson are trying to revive the use of the hawk in hunting, and have offered fabulous prices for eggs. Men along the Susquhanna Valley are said to have secured $40 apiece for some which they obtained by letting themselves over the side of a cliff.

In a New York Court the other day, a pickpocket was on trial for the theft of a pocket book, and when asked by the Justice, "Did you take this pocket book?" gave this surprisingly ingenuous reply: "I can't say whether I took that particular one or not, I take so many."

Some Californians are preaching and practicing a new form of vegetarianism. They eat the vegetables raw believing that cookery is contrary to nature. Rumford, a leader in the movement, has lived for months on broken wheat, pears, melons, grapes, apples and tomatos, all uncooked, and he declares that he is very happy on that diet.

The question involved in a St. Louis lawsuit was whether a wink, said to have been made by the defendant, qualified the words which he uttered at the same time. He told the plaintiff to levy on the contents of a certain safe, and it was claimed that, by covertly and expressively winking, he reversed the meaning of what he said. The court decided against the wink theory.

The newest wonderful discovery in Arizona is a cave in the Sunset Mountains. It has never been explored, and its dimensions are unknown, but the phenomenon connected with it is the fact that a strong current of air rushes into the cave of sufficient force to draw down into the depths all light articles placed near the entrance. The roaring of the wind into the cavern may be heard 300 yards away from the entrance.

Last Sunday evening a Boston divine suddenly paused near the close of his sermon and said: "We would all be glad if that young man in the vestibule would come inside and satisfy himself whether she is or is not here. That would be much better than keeping a half-inch draft on the occupants of the back pew." And in the solemn silence that followed, the congregation could hear a sound outside as of an army with banners.—*Christian at Work.*

Audiences in the Park Theater, Boston, will get a sprinkling in case the temperature rises to 155. Iron pipes have been placed throughout the building, and provided at short intervals with miniature Turbine wheels, which will revolve rapidly under pressure of water from the City mains, throwing streams in all directions. Each sprinkler is covered with a cap fusible at the degree of heat mentioned. The theater has 374 of them, placed to command the parts most exposed.

After making careful experiments to ascertain how much powder would send a bullet through the scalp and not penetrate the scull, a Newcastle man wrote an upbraiding letter to the girl who wouldn't marry him, declaring that her coldness had driven her to suicide. Then he shot himself in the head. His calculation proved incorrect, for the lead fractured his skull; yet he will recover to learn that the girl has discovered his trick and despises him more than ever.

The Prince of Wales, says Edmund Yates in the London World, must have a wardrobe as large as Mr. Irving or any other theatrical star, and must be quite as much in need of a "dresser." At Portsmouth he appeared the first day in a volunteer uniform; at the review he was in the uniform of the Civil Service Corps; the same night I saw him at the Government House in the red tunic of a general officer. He can on occasion, turn out as an Admiral, a guardsman, a hussar, a Highlander, a Uhlan, or in the flowing robes of an Indian rajah, possibly of a Chinaman or a Jap.

On a certain occasion a train, which Merewether had gone to meet, was somewhat late. A testy old gentleman, a stranger to Merewether, got out of all patience at the delay, and exclaimed, "What an infernal station this is! They try to irritate one on purpose. Look at those girls in the refreshment room, why do they dress them all in black?" "Don't you know?" said Merewether, in a most solemn tone of voice, and with an awe-struck look on his face. "No," replied the stranger, in a subdued voice, and looking quite alarmed. "Why," said Merewether, "they are in mourning for the late train."—*London Spectator.*

Of all tumultuous horrors the most incredible is reported from the Hungarian village of Belenyes. A handsome man of 45 and a devil may care youth of 20 became enamored of a pretty young widow who kept a wine shop. Jealous of the favors shown to the boy the man lay in wait to kill him, but instead fell a victim to the superior strength of his rival. An investigation proved beyond question that the two adversaries were father and son and that the pretty widow was the daughter of one and the sister of the other. It was a grim fate that brought these three together after a separation which began during the infancy of the children.

FOR THE LADIES.

Boston ladies smoke cigarettes at their Greek and Sanscrit tea parties, and address each other as "old fellow" and "old boy."

Miss Emma Wixom, who is singing with considerable success in opera in Europe under the name of Emma Nevada, is engaged to the son of Sen. Fair.

Female candidates for the study of medicine in Russia are constantly increasing. The total number admitted within 10 years is 969. Of these 281 have finished their studies, and 152 are now practicing.

The Waynesburg & Washington Railroad of Pennsylvania has the felicity of owning a lady, Miss Belle Braden, for treasurer. She has just been elected to this office for the second time. She acts also as pay master, making regular journeys over the road in the "pay car."

A Washington gossiper remarks that two ladies who were girls together in Washington in 1865 have not only exchanged names with each other but official rank also. The daughter of Sec. Zachariah Chandler is the wife of Sen. Eugene Hale, and the daughter of Sen. John P. Hale is the wife of Sec. Wm. E. Chandler.

The Kangeroo.

Rome Sentinal.

Johnny's critique of the kangaroo. The kangrew ain't much ov a recommend for the factory wich made him, or maybe he knu in himself wen the riginal diergram was in the wate and raking up soch organs az wuz lef over he made his ownself. He looks in the face like ashaller goose, and wen you see him walking on his narratiy you dont blame nachur for givin him that expression. His legs mus been made in different molds, cause the last ones iz long as a torchlite percession but the front ones was got too much shortnin in. Some kangrews has thare doze made so they kin carry the in funnlys round in their overskurts, but if i was a kangrew ide rather peddle wood kanew. Kangrews ware mustaches like cats, but a jackass kin give em a yard start on the ear question an beet em like sleksty. Ef i had ter be a kangrew ide hav mi tale sawd off close an' mend my arms with it so i could reech the bottom of ther preserves.

Where She had Been.

Brooklyn Eagle.

Toilet art criticism:

First lady—Dear me, I never saw Mrs. Potts look so pale.

Second lady—Nor I; she's probably been out in the wet without an umbrella.

He Will Marry.

New Orleans Picayune.

The average young man is not unwilling to marry; but he must have a wife who can support him in as good style as he has been accustomed to while living on his mother.

Be Sensible.

You have allowed your bowels to become habitually costive, your liver has become torpid, the same thing ails your kidneys, and you are losing flesh. Now be sensible, get a package of Kidney Wort, take it faithfully, and soon you will forget you've got any such organs, for you will be well. Delaney & Co.

IRELAND'S WOES.

The Doings of Pasha Clifford Lloyd —Worse than Czar or Sultan— Another Record of Outrages.

Correspondence Toledo Blade.

DUBLIN, May 4, 1882.

Matters have seem to be going from bad to worse. More than a hundred persons have been run into jail this week, without trial, on what is comically called "reasonable suspicion," by the officials who make out the warrants of arrest. If a man should happen to incur the personal displeasure of a policeman, anywhere all over this country, he is liable to "reasonable suspicion" and to the imprisonment which follows the policeman's report as surely as day follows night. Innocence and honesty are no protection to personal liberty at present in Ireland. Nine persons were seized by the constabulary in the Hook District, County Wexford; four in Tipperary and Coppawhite Districts, and so on. But by far the largest number have been whipped up in Clare by order of Clifford Lloyd. In my own mind, I find it hard to decide whether Lloyd is a lunatic "with a method in his madness," or a thorough paced scoundrel, of the brigand type of disgrace to humanity. Be he what he may, he has driven the County Clare, or at least a number of the inhabitants thereof, into a state of lawlessness bordering on revolt.

MURDEROUS VIOLENCE.

Within the last two weeks there has been one murder, two attempts at assassination, and two or three deliberate woundings in Clare. Those who know Ireland thoroughly—even men of the landlord class—will tell you that the inhabitants of that County were the most peaceable and law-abiding of any part of Europe, up to a few weeks ago. What has caused the sudden change? British officials and Irish landlords and land-agents with whom I have conversed say that an epidemic of lawlessness, the seeds of which came from the Land League, has broken out in this hitherto model country. On the evidence of facts I must hold that theory to be simply ridiculous. The Land League was established in Clare two years back; the people took to its doctrines at once, there is no doubt; but during those two years, and in fact until very recently, crimes of any sort, and especially crimes of violence, were hardly ever heard of there. So long as the Land League had sway in the country there was peace and good order. Now all is different. Clifford Lloyd has been arresting right and left and center. Hundreds of families have been deprived of their bread-winners by his scandalous use of the despotic power entrusted to him; no man in Clare knows how soon he himself may be thrust into prison without cause assigned other than a policeman's suspicion, and without opportunity of proving his innocence in a court of law. The result is a complete disorganization of society in Clare—insecurity, outrages, and even murder, in a place where crime of any sort was literally unknown.

My pen has

NEVER DEFENDED ASSASSINATION

for any reason, political or social, and it never will. If by any possibility my judgment on this point were getting astray, the remembrance of Lincoln and Garfield would set it right. But I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that even the lowest animals in the scale of creation have an instinct of self-defense which compels them to turn on those whom they conceive to be their persecutors. I do not wonder, therefore, that Wilfred Lloyd, brother of Clifford, likewise a paid Magistrate under Clifford's jurisdiction, was shot at while driving along one of the Clare roads in the Fulla District, which Clifford had almost denuded of male inhabitants a fortnight previously. It was bad logic to try to punish Wilfred Lloyd for the nefarious conduct of his brother; but indeed courage is seldom logical, and perhaps the attack on Wilfred was meant to pierce Clifford's heart. Unfortunately, as is often the happens when men take the law into their own hands, it was a poor policeman sitting on the car who received in his body the bit of lead intended for the magistrate.

Besides this outrage there was a

MURDER OF AN OLD MAN

near Miltown-Malbay. If you get my letters regularly—which I doubt very much, seeing the careful supervision exercised at present over the Irish mails—you must have noticed the case of a Mrs. Moroney, a rackrenting landlady who was boycotted by her neighbors. Driven to the wall, she was negotiating for the sale of her lands to her tenantry, who can get loans for the purchase under the Land Act passed last year. Clifford Lloyd came on the scene, gave storekeepers in Miltown the choice of going to prison or supplying Mrs. Moroney with whatever she might desire, and took away to jail about a score of the neighboring farmers. Mark what happened! The negotiations were suddenly stopped, and discord between Mrs. Moroney and her tenants flamed up afresh. Worse still—the old man referred to above, who had remained in Mrs. Moroney's service for half a year after everyone else had deserted her, was shot dead in his humble dwelling. What I want to bring out is this—that no one molested the man for six months during which he chose to continue working for the harsh landlady after the public opinion of the neighborhood had declared against her and all but himself fell away from her. It was only when Lloyd Pasha interfered with violence that some of the exasperated people retorted with violence on the poor old creature, for whose dreadful fate I am heartily sorry.

ONE MORE INSTANCE.

Lloyd swept about two score of men into prison a short time ago from the Feakle and Tulla districts. Remember that this was done despotically, just as the Czar or the Sultan of Turkey might condemn people to perpetual exile in Siberia or to midnight drowning in the Bosphorus. In addition 25 families, numbering nearly 200 human beings, belonging to the same district, were evicted this week—flung out on the roadside and compelled to resort to the workhouse to save themselves from immediate starvation. Their impending fate was of course known for weeks previously to all their neighbors. When I learned on last Tuesday morning that two farmers who had separated themselves from their neighbors had been wounded—one of them indeed very severely—by an armed party of peasants who broke into their dwellings, I was not in the least surprised. Violence begets violence all the world over. One evicting landlord can set a whole country-side here in a fever, and if in addition there be a despot harassing people in the fashion of Clifford Lloyd, there is sure to be a resort to dark ways on the part of the threatened populace. Such an extraordinary change has taken place in Clare since the Pasha with the aristocratic name was set to rule over it with power to do what he would, that Chief Secretary Forster left his place in the London Parliament, where just now his presence is much required, slipped across the Channel to this City, and scurried down to the disturbed County. Ostensibly he went to see and hear things for himself; but he has come back this evening just as wise as he went, for he had Clifford Lloyd at his elbow the whole time, and saw nobody but Inspectors of Police and others whom the potentate of Clare and Limerick summoned to his presence. Nevertheless, there is a singular fact to be noted—aye, to be emphasized—in connection with this flying visit. It was on Forster's strong representations that the Government put forward and pushed through Parliament the Coercion Act, it was Forster who appointed Clifford Lloyd to his present post; it was Forster who stood up in the London House of Commons several times this session to defend Lloyd's most outrageous proceedings, and to publicly laud him for his Bashi Bazouk severities. Yet Chief Secretary Forster traveled from end to end of Clare without molestation, and so safe did he feel in what is now considered the most disturbed County in Ireland, that on some of his journeys he got rid of the bodies of police with which Lloyd surrounded him by way of safeguard, and drove scores of miles through lonely districts of the County without being so much as insulted once. Let the worthy people

WHO THINK THE IRISH TURBULENT BY NATURE

button up this fact carefully in their memory. I should have said that the peasantry of Clare knew very well that the author of Coercion was in their midst; but they did not lift a finger against him simply because he was not a direct oppressor whose qualities raised a spirit of bitter personal hostility against him. I may add, by way of pendent to that fact, that the train which conveyed Mr. Forster from Ennis, the chief town of Clare, to Limerick, this morning, also conveyed 10 "suspects" bound for the jail of Clonmel. Further, the rumor in Ennis to-day was that more arrests on "reasonable suspicion," are to take place, and the rumor is very likely to be well founded, since a large force of extra police proceeded to the already desolated village this morning.

FOR THE SAKE OF VARIETY,

I turn from the doings of the agents of the Government to the doings of one of the scoundrels whom the bribes of the Government decoy into crime. What you call "State's evidence" and the English "Crown witness" is in Ireland pithily termed "an informer." If I were to write two columns I must fail to convey to the utter loathing the exaggerated abhorrence with which "an informer" is regarded here. Why this should be so, extremely puzzles strangers in this land at first; but when a number of cases, like the one, a report of which I am now sending them up within a few minutes, this feeling does not seem so odd. It is a case tried in Maryborough, Queen's County, on Monday. The report is so condensed that I may safely quote in full. Here it is:

"A long special investigation was held in the Court House here to-day, before Mr. M. Sheffield Capan, into a charge of alleged conspiracy to shoot Col. H. D. Carden. Two respectable farmers named John Larkin, a tenant of Col. Carden's, and John Williams were accused by an informer named Patrick Scully, that they had supplied him with slugs and a gun to shoot the Colonel, and that Larkin had offered him £15 and Williams £5 if he would do the job. After a full and searching investigation the two men were discharged, and Scully, the informer, placed in the dock on a charge of wilful and corrupt perjury. Larkin and Williams were then sworn, and proved that everything that Scully had testified against them was wrong and utterly false, and Head Constable Walsh, of Mountmellick Station, and Mrs. Margaret Smith, of Acragar, gave further important evidence, quite sufficient to fix the charge of perjury on the informer. The prisoner was then committed to take his trial at the next Queen's County Assizes, on the 13th of March, and removed in custody of the Police to the County Jail. His Worship expressed an opinion that the two men, Larkin and Williams, should be indemnified for the expenses they were put to."

The more one sees of the way in which the Irish people are lectured by the official class the easier it becomes to understand their settled hostility to British rule. I have already sent you specimens of magisterial behavior which must seem almost incredible to all who have had the happiness of living all their lives under the Stars and Stripes. Here, however, is a case about which there can be no dispute, since it was brought before Parliament and every fact of it substantially admitted by Chief Secretary Forster. At Castle Jordan, King's County, there is a public school over which Mr. Joseph Boylan has worthily presided for the last 27 years. The paid magistrate who lords it over Kings County is a certain Capt. L'Estrange. By the way, did it ever strike you as singular that the magisterial bench in Ireland—at least that section of it which I recognize—away from the Government—is packed with retired army officers? The reason is that their duties, in fact, are not so much legal as military. But to return. Capt. L'Estrange sent a constable to Mr. Boylan for a testament to swear some one upon. The schoolmaster did not happen to have one in the school, and civilly told the messenger so; upon hearing which L'Estrange charged down on the school in military fashion roughly pushed open the door, and roared

"WHERE'S THE MASTER!

Where's the master?" Accompanying L'Estrange were a military officer and three policemen, who were witnesses to the interview which followed. The schoolmaster, in a letter to Chief Secretary Forster which has been made public, has so well described what happened on the occasion that I prefer to give his words rather than any I might choose, to describe the scene. I am not sure but that my indignation might unconsciously color my account. I give Mr. Boylan's narrative from the point where he heard, "Where's the master?" He says:

"I stood up, and advancing toward the stranger, and said, 'I am the master.' He then shouted, 'Take off your hat; you are in the presence of a gentleman—a magistrate—I am Captain L'Estrange.' I was astounded at being so addressed in my own school by one whom I had never saw before, in the presence of three policeman and a military officer, all armed cap-a-pie. My pupils, too, 51 in number, witnessed in amazement this extraordinary proceeding, and, of course, instinct—common instinct, if nothing higher—compelled me, under the circumstances, not to remove my hat. Capt. L'Estrange again commanded, 'Take off your hat in the presence of a gentleman.' I ventured to remark, 'If you are a gentleman, I think you should act as such.' He then ordered one of the policemen present to 'Take off the man's hat,' which he did, and laid it aside. The Captain having had this great feat performed, said, 'I will report you.' 'Do that as you please,' said I."

The reporting which L'Estrange threatened was reporting to the Board of National Education, a Government institution, which has charge of all the public schools, and the meaning of the threat is that Mr. Boylan, after his long service in the cause of public education, would be summarily dismissed by that Board on the representations of a ruffian who is paid for seeing that others behave properly, and yet does not behave himself. Fearing dismissal, the schoolmaster wrote the letter from which I have culled an extract, and in which he earnestly entreats for a sworn inquiry into the circumstances.

I defy any American citizen, no matter how prejudiced against the Irish, to come over here and see with his own eyes what is going on, without feeling his gorge rise in indignation at the whole infamous system of ruthless oppression to which unhappy Ireland is subjected.

SHE KNEW TOO MUCH.

Mrs. Breezy Gives Herself Dead Away.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"I believe you are opposed to games of chance, Mr. Breezy," said Mrs. Breezy, helping herself to the fried potatos and making a vigorous attack upon the steak.

"Yes, dear," said Mr. Breezy, hurriedly swallowing his coffee and glancing at his watch.

"You thing poker and all games played for money are pernicious?" said Mrs. Breezy.

"I do," said Mr. Breezy, folding up his napkin and again consulting his watch.

"You needn't be looking at your watch in that way," said Mrs. Breezy; "I have something to say to you."

"But, my dear, I have an engagement this morning at nine, and it is now—"

"The engagement will keep," said Mrs. Breezy; "so keep your seat and listen."

"But, my dear, it is a matter of importance. One of my clients, and one of my best clients, is even now waiting—"

"Let him wait," said Mrs. Breezy; "I'm sure you have to wait long enough to get your money out of them, and it will do him good."

"But the court meets at 10, and we wish to examine some papers before—"

"Oh, of course," said Mrs. Breezy, cutting vigorously into the steak. "I never knew you without at least half a dozen excuses to back up against each other, if I happen to call upon your time. But the court, the clients and everything else can wait this morning, for you must listen to what I have to say."

"Well, stave ahead," said Mr. Breezy, falling back into his chair resignedly.

"As I said, you are opposed to games of chance," said Mrs. Breezy; "you never bet a cent on a card in your life, and you think it ruinous to do so. In fact, you hardly know the name of one card from another. You great innocent man," and Mrs. Breezy laughed a bitter little vexatious laugh, as she jammed her knife into the butter.

"No," said Mr. Breezy, half suspecting what was coming, and wondering whether any of the boys had been giving things away to the old lady.

"You couldn't tell an ace from a king, could you, Mr. Breezy? You don't know a flush from one pair, and you wouldn't know enough to bet on four of a kind, or stand pat on a full. Oh, no, you are too innocent to live, Mr. Breezy."

"But, my dear—"

"Oh, don't dear me," said Mrs. Breezy, drumming on the table with her fork. "If you held a royal flush you'd be just as apt to throw it away as to hold on to it. Oh, no, you don't know anything about cards, but perhaps you'll tell me how those horrid things got into your coat pocket," and Mrs. Breezy threw a lot of round blue ivory disks upon the table.

"Give it up," said Mr. Breezy, gazing confusedly upon the chips. "But, my dear, you seem to be pretty well posted in the terms of the game yourself. Of course, you never—"

"I" said Mrs. Breezy, blushing to the roots of her hair. "How could you think? Oh, this is scandalous," and she blushed deeper than ever as she threw down another handful of ivories and left the dining-room, and the subject of poker was dropped forever in the Breezy family.

Sit Down Upon Him.

Burlington Hawkeye.

When any man seeks to place beer and whisky on the level of bread and meat it is eminently right and proper that he should be sat down upon. Whisky is not a Sabbath necessity.

"I have found St. Jacobs Oil to be a most excellent remedy for rheumatic pains," says Mr. F. Latham, 5 Harrison street, Providence, R. I.—*Boston Herald.*

RECENT LITERATURE.

POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY

The contents of the May number are varied and substantial. Mr. N. H. Egleston's paper on "Methods and Profits of Tree-Planting" is not a mere lament over the ruthless destruction of our forests; it is devoted to the remedy, the practical benefits, and rules of successful tree-culture. In a three-page article Herbert Spencer characterizes "Goldwin Smith as a Critic," and his estimate of him is not high. The paper of Alfred Russel Wallace on "Monkeys," is most interesting. The Rev. E. W. Brown offers some acute and bold reflections on "Liberty of Thought;" and Miss Nina Morais answers Miss Hardaker "On the Woman Question." Her paper, trying to establish the mental equality of the sexes, is smart if not decisive. "The Genesis of the Sword" is a curious chapter on evolution in the arts, freely illustrated; and Dr. Swan M. Burnett discusses the somewhat over-done subject of "Color-Blindness." Mr. Le Sueur criticises the new book of Judge Stallo; and Dr. Bachelor gives some information on "The Tree that Bears Quinine." There is a full and very entertaining "Sketch of Sir John Lubbock," and an unusual budget of miscellaneous matter at the close of the number. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

This magazine, which represents the Pacific coast, comes with a very pleasant table of contents for May. The articles have always a flavor of the freshness belonging to life in that far away region, and give a very good idea of many things which would otherwise be unknown to Eastern readers. The following are some of the articles: "Out of Reach, A Camping Medley," by H. U. C.; "Studies of the California Missions (1)," by Frances Fuller Victor; "Only a Tramp," by J. Russel Fisher; "Francis Petrach," by G. H. Rearden; "The Story of the Wier Prisoners," by James O'Mearn; and several others, with two interesting serials.

THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW

has the following table of contents: "Heine," Moncure D. Conway, Lonway, Eng.; "Scientific Basis of Positive Political Economy" (second paper), Prof. Lester G. Ward, U. S. Geological Survey, Washington, D. C.; "A Self-made Man and Atheist," Leopold Katscher, London, Eng.; "Thomas Hart Benton," Col. James D. Waddell; "The Wealth of the United States, and the Rate of its Increase," Henry Gannett, U. S. Census Bureau; "Bismarck's Plan for Insuring German Laborers," Prof. Richard T. Ely, John Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.; "The Jurisdictional Question in the Guiteau Case," Lincoln L. Eyre, Philadelphia, Pa.; "Book Reviews."

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY.

This is the season of the year in which this magazine is of especial value because of the valuable instruction it gives for the cultivation of flowers. The May number is full of things worth knowing and to the lover of flowers exceedingly interesting. Mr. Vick has succeeded in furnishing a monthly magazine devoted to this specialty which has acquired a national reputation, and the present issue does not fall behind its predecessors. Published by James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

THE SEASON.

The May number of the Season, an illustrated fashion magazine published by the International News Company, New York, is replete with matters of special interest to the fair sex. Among its attractions are illustrations and descriptions of the newest Paris fashions, two colored plates, two historical pictures, and designs in fancy work, embroidery, etc., in great number, besides paper patterns, etc.

ANOTHER VIEW.

How are Young Men Prepared to be Husbands and Fathers?

Burlington Hawkeye.

I have heard much of that before. You mourn and grieve over the lack of true womanhood among the girls of your acquaintance. Mere butterflies of fashion, you say, who can rattle the keys of a grand piano, dance like fairies, clatter nonsense and society nothings by the hour, and for their lives cannot bake a loaf of bread, roast a turkey, do a day's washing, or make a shirt. You say you demand the noblest type of useful womanhood in your wife, and you want to know where you can find the wife you want? Well, I will tell you my dear boy. If that is the sort of woman you want, marry Nora Mulligan, your laundress' daughter. She wears cowhide shoes, is guiltless of corsets, never had a sick day in her life, takes in washing, goes out house-cleaning and cooks for a family of seven children, her mother and three section men who board with her. I don't think she would marry you, because Con Regan, the track-walker, is her style of a man. She is the useful sort of a woman you appear to want, but I don't think she'd look at you twice. Let us just examine into your qualifications as a model husband after your own matrimonial ideas, my boy. Can you shoulder a barrel of flour and carry it down the cellar? My dear boy, a quarter sack of flour would get away with those chalky fingers and slender arms of yours. Can you saw and split 10 cords of hickory wood in the Fall, so as to have ready fuel all Winter? Telemachus, those 23 inches of coat padded out over 16 inches of shoulders wouldn't help you a cent's worth? Do you know, my son—look me in the eye—do you know how to measure 10 cords of wood after the man had piled it in five irregular heaps and tells you it is all there? Do you know how to buy potatos and how to put them away for Winter? Do you know how to pick over the apples after Christmas? Do you know how to watch the shoeing of your own horse, if you drive one, and can you tell timothy from prairie hay when you buying it? Can you spade up half an acre of ground for a kitchen garden? Do you know what will take the limy taste out of the new cistern, and can you patch the little leak in the kitchen roof? What would you do if a hoop fell off the flour barrel? Suppose the chimney gets choked up? If the front door binds at the top? What if a mortise lock gets out of order? If an extra shelf is wanted in the pantry? Or two or three little houses for the hens with broods of chicks? Can you bring home a pane of glass and a wad of putty and repair damages in the sitting-room window? Can you hang some cheap paper on the kitchen? Can you fix the front gate so it will not sag? Can you help the man carry the big kitchen stove out in the Summer kitchen? Do you know how to fix a pump when it chokes? Can you make two or three boxes for the shade trees you planted on the side walk, if you knew how to plant them? Can you do anything about the house than Con Regan can? My dear boy, you see why Nora Mulligan will have none of you. She wants a higher type of true manhood. You expect to hire men to do all the man's work about the house, but you want your wife to do everything that any woman can do. Believe me, my dear son, nine-tenths of the girls who play the piano and sing so charmingly, who you, in your limited knowledge, set down as mere butterflies of fashion," are better fitted for wives than you are for a husband. The girls know more about these things than you do. If you want to marry a first-class cook and experienced housekeeper, do your courting in an intelligence office. But if you want a wife, marry the girl you love, with dimpled hands and a face like the sunlight, and her love will teach her all these things, my boy, long before you have learned one-half of your own lesson.

His Thumb.

New Haven Register.

"I don't care so much about the loss of my thumb, as a thumb," said the grocer, whose horse had amputated the member, "but as a source of profit I shall miss it. I've measured that thumb in the shape of beans, meal and molasses nigh onto a thousand times. Well, my wife can't afford a new parlor carpet this Spring."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

As a Brain Tonic.

Dr. E. W. Robertson, Cleveland, O., says: "From my experience can cordially recommend it as a brain and nerve tonic, especially in nervous debility, nervous dyspepsia, etc., etc."

WAR TELEGRAPHING.

Ingenious Devices to Carry Information During the Rebellion.

Philadelphia Press.

Gabriel N. T. Gale, a gentleman widely known through his hotel connections, and brother of the present proprietor of the Hotel Lafayette, narrated to a *Press* reporter Saturday three interesting stories of war telegraphing. Mr. Gale served during the rebellion as First Lieutenant of the Eleventh New York Battery, and, like every other old soldier, loves to fight over again the battles of the past. The experiences he told yesterday are striking examples of how Rebel cunning was outflanked by Yankee wit.

The Union Army in 1862 lay encamped on the north bank of the Rappahannock, opposite what was to be the disastrous field of Fredericsburg. On the bank of the river, in the extreme front of the Union line, stood the house of Mrs. Gray, a long, rambling stone building, whose front of three stories faced the river. The roof sloped steeply toward the rear, where the stone side was but one story high. Mrs. Gray herself, an elderly widow, had received the Union advance with every demonstration of welcome, and her house soon became a favorite rendezvous for young officers. A prime cause of this, besides Mrs. Gray's cheerful hearth and good fare, was the beauty of her daughter Sallie, a brunette of perhaps 20 years, with glossy black hair and deep blue eyes. A young Lieutenant was badly wounded by these batteries, and spent all his spare time at the feet of this fair Southerner, who professed such sympathy with the Union cause.

Late one rainy night a sentinel pacing back and forth before the stone front of the Gray house heard a faint but sharp noise cutting the still air. It sounded like the click of a telegraph instrument, and it seemed to come from beneath his feet. Greatly perplexed, he called the Sergeant of the guard. They listened carefully, and were presently joined by the gallant lover of Sallie Gray. Convictions of treachery smote his heart, and with the Sergeant he unceremoniously entered the Gray dwelling. Sallie and her mother, despite the late hour, were busily sewing by a table in the sitting-room. The ladies rose in apparent surprise and indignation at the intrusion.

"Step aside, if you please," said the Sergeant.

"What does this mean?" said Mrs. Gray, sharply.

"Frank, I appeal to you for protection," cried the young lady to the Lieutenant. That officer could only shake his head and sternly wave her aside. "You are false. You have deceived me," he said hoarsely, as the girl who had promised to be his bride sank sobbing upon a sofa.

The soldiers could hear the ticking more plainly now. They moved the table, lifted the carpet, and discovered a trap-door leading to a cellar of whose existence they had no suspicion. A light below was instantly quenched, but they fearlessly descended and discovered a telegraph instrument, with an insulated wire running through the cellar wall and evidently passing beneath the river to the enemy on the other side. Crouching in a corner was the operator, a young and handsome man, who had never before been seen about the house, having lived for days in the cellar. "You are my prisoner from the Sergeant brought the distressed wail from poor Sallie of 'My husband, oh, my husband!" The heart of the Union Lieutenant went back once more to the girl he left behind him.

But, notwithstanding the detection of this line of communication, the enemy seemed to know of every movement of the Union troops. It was a mystery to the officers to know how they gained the knowledge. There were no more telegraph wires, and there was no passing across the river. At last the mystery was solved. Within the Union lines, but in sight of the enemy, there stood a low frame house, occupied by a negro, who did washing for the soldiers. He hung his clothes to dry in the front yard; but it was noticed that in the porch there always hung three flannel shirts, one red, one white and one blue. The negro said that they were his Union colors. But the shirts were not always in the same position, and a suspicious Sergeant finally became convinced that the negro used them to signal across the Rappahannock. The arrest of the negro and the effectual use of the shirts to deceive, instead of to inform, the enemy followed.

At another time the Army of the Potomac was nearing Berlin, Va. To receive orders from headquarters in the rear, the troops had laid 10 miles of insulated wire, running through the woods, now beneath the leaves and again carried among the tree tops. It was impossible to pick out the entire line, and a large part of it was exposed, but it was thought to be effectually concealed. A scout one day, lying in ambush, heard the sound like the ticking of a clock. Creeping forward, he was astonished to see a "Johnny" in gray uniform, sitting on the grounds, chuckling to himself and busily writing. The scout sprang to his feet, and, leveling his revolver, said to the laughing Rebel, "What are you doing here?" "I surrender," was the chagrined reply, the smile suddenly disappearing. The scout discovered that the Rebel had cut the wire and had connected the ends with a loop running into a clock, the electricity securing the escapement so that the messages ticked themselves plainly into the rebel's ear. The ingenious machine was captured with the Rebel.

THE BUFFALO GNAT.

A Source of Great Annoyance—How a Congregation was Frightened Into Obedience.

Arkansas State Gazette.

Every man who has made the acquaintance of the buffalo gnat has a just cause for loud grievance. For the past few days the people of this city have been annoyed almost beyond endurance by this malicious insect. Natural history gives but an imperfect biographical sketch of the buffalo gnat. One writer alleges that he first made his appearance in the City of Buffalo, but soon finding that he was unable to drill holes in the jaws of the inhabitants of that town, came south, where he has met with success in business.

Colored people who, as a rule, escaped the ravages of the mosquito, are southdown mutton for the buffalo gnat. Last Sunday a Little Rock colored minister, after trying in vain to frighten sinners into religious obedience by glaring pictures of the torch flourished by Satan, suddenly exclaimed, "Brethren, the revised addition tells us that it has been diskivered that there ain't no Hell. What I have said on the subject heretofore I'm mor'n willing to take back. I quote: 'Whuras the reconstructors of this book has found that there ain't no hell fire, be it resolved that the word hell be stricken out and the word hades be substituted. Recent advices say that the place where the bad souls go is thickly infested with a species of winged insects called the buffalo gnat. Hades, in the Greek language, means gnat resort.' Now, brethren, you has a practical illustration already of what you are gwine to suffer lessen you mend your licks mighty sudden."

After a short pause 15 well-known sinners arose, approached the mourners' bench and swore eternal allegiance to the colors of salvation.

A Justice of the Peace yesterday asked of a witness, "What is your name, sir?"

"My name is Nathaniel, but they call me Nat, for short."

"If your name is Nat, young man, you can't testify in this Court," and he mashed an insect on his neck and grinned at the witness, who, recognizing the justice of the decision, withdrew.

Quite a number of cattle in the neighborhood of the City have been killed by gnats, and the farmers say that their ravages render plowing almost impossible. The gnats are sufferers from the overflow, and, driven from the bottoms, they have come out to feed upon lawyers and other innocent citizens. If the United States could make some arrangements to feed these lawless foragers, the people would be greatly relieved.

Over 200,000 Howe Scales have been sold and the demand increasing continually. Borden, Selleck & Co., Agents, Chicago, Ill.

BUILDING A HEN COOP.

Mr. and Mrs. Spoopendyke Go in and Out of the Poultry Business.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"My dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, as he appeared before his wife with a broad grin on his face, 'say, my dear, I've bought some chickens so we can have fresh laid eggs. Look!" and he held out a couple of pair of fowls tied by the legs for Mrs. Spoopendyke's contemplation.

"Well, upon my word!" exclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Of all things! chickens! Ever since we've been married I've wanted chickens!" and she approached the birds cautiously and with a look of misgiving that belied her words, "Where can we keep them?"

"In a coop, Mrs. Spoopendyke, in a coop," retorted her husband, laying the chickens on the bed while he took off his coat and vest. "We might keep 'em up the chimney or in the clock, but we probably won't. We'll just keep 'em in a hen coop, and I've got the laths and nails down stairs to build it with. Come down in the yard," and Mr. Spoopendyke grabbed his new acquisition by the legs and started off, followed by his wife.

"Do you know how to build a coop?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she watched her husband dig a post hole in the corner she had reserved for a geranium bed.

"If I don't, you probably do," snorted Mr. Spoopendyke, kicking away at the spade until he loosened his leg. "Now I put this post here and that one there. Then the two fences make the rest and I only lath up these two—dog gast the post!" he concluded, as it toppled over on his ear. "Can't you hold it up? What're you sitting around there like a cork in a jug for? Hold it up, will ye?"

Mrs. Spoopendyke grasped the post firmly with both hands and held it at an angle of 30 degrees.

"Now hold it perfectly still while I dig the other hole," and Mr. Spoopendyke hacked away at the ground again and set his second post.

"I see what you mean," giggled Mrs. Spoopendyke. "You slat it up from one post to the other, and then put the chickens in. My! how nice that'll be!"

Mr. Spoopendyke glared at her a moment and then began putting up his laths, standing between the posts and the fence corner, and whistling as he worked.

"Now," said he, as he finished, "what do you think of that?"

Mrs. Spoopendyke examined the job critically.

"It's a perfect palace!" she exclaimed. "But say, dear, how are you going to get out?"

"Yah-h-h!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke, bounding into the air. "Why didn't ye tell me? What'd ye want to let me build myself in like a dod gasted mummy for? Ain't ye got any sense at all anywheres? Why didn't ye watch what I was doing?" and Mr. Spoopendyke grinned horribly through the slats.

"I supposed you were going to build a hole in it," faltered Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"So I am!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke, jamming his leg through the structure. "Want any more holes?" and he kicked the side half way across the yard. "Four chickens, four holes!" he roared and the laths flew in all directions. "Want any more holes?" and he smashed the roof out with the spade. "Holes constantly on hand! If you don't see the hole you want, ask for it!" and he blew out the end with terrific energy. "New goods coming in all the time! Second hand holes a specialty!" and he banged out the other end. "Parties wanting holes to send in the country will consult their interests by applying here before going elsewhere!" and he ripped down the rest of the coop with prodigious clatter. "Want any more holes in this particular coop?" he roared, wrenching out the posts and slamming them across the yard. "Does this hen coop begin to convey the impression of having a hole in

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication, but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once to the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this Department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations doing a general business. The BLADE's endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondents' Department."

W. E., Bridgeport, O.: Address Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.

J. W. B., St. Clairsville, O.: Address Munn & Co., 37 Park Row, New York City.

Subscriber, Fort Madison, Ia.: You should sign your name to inquiries.

C. H. F., Adrian, Mo.: If you will write to the Secretaries of the different Territories you will probably get mining statistics.

MRS. S. F., Fort Madison: There is an institution of the kind you inquire about in Toledo. Address Gen. P. S. Slevin, Toledo, O.

E. E. E., Lochiel, Pa.: If you will write to Western Manufacturer, Chicago, Ill., you will probably get the desired information.

J. M. S., Strahn, Ia.: If you cannot obtain the books through your book store, address American News Agency, New York City.

W. E. C. (no postoffice):
Was there ever pensions granted to the survivors of the Black Hawk war?

Yes.

J. In Scoon, Wymore, Gage Co., Neb., wishes to correspond with some parties living near Government land in Northwest Nebraska or Southwest Dakota.

E. M. W., Clinton, Ia.:
Can you tell me where I can get the life and public works of Daniel Webster?

Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.

W. A. R., Irwin, Ia.:
1. Who was the author of our greenback currency? 2. What salary does a member of the cabinet get?

1. S. P. Chase. 2. Eight thousand dollars.

G. R. S., Wileyville, O.: The National Live Stock Journal is published in Chicago. If you have asked this question before it has probably been answered and you have overlooked it.

E. J. Greenville, Pa.: The Land Offices in Nebraska are at Norfolk, Beatrice, Lincoln, Niobrara, Grand Island, North Platte and Bloomington. Address the Register at either of these places.

The BLADE frequently has complaints that certain questions have not been answered, when the writers have no cause to complain, because if they had read the rules at the head of this department they would never have asked them.

W. B. C., Centerville, Kan.:
Can a man occupy school land in a Territory, improve the same and have the right to buy when it comes into market, in preference to any other purchaser?

No.

James, Alida, Kan.: There are numerous German papers in your State—among others Der Courier, Atchison, weekly; Zur Heimath, Halstead, semi-monthly; Kansas Freie Presse, Leavenworth, daily and weekly; Der Courier, Topeka, weekly.

Okie, Toledo, O.:
Can your inform me of any substance that will stand an intense heat without burning away, crumbling to pieces or melting?

Everything that man is acquainted with is affected by heat.

J. B. H., Decorah, Ia.:
How many highway bridges cross the Mississippi River, and where are they situated?

Minneapolis, St. Paul, Davenport, St. Louis, and perhaps others.

H. D. W., Mouse Creek, Pa.:
Can a State be sued—and if so, in what Court and by what Court can a bondholder collect his money?

A State cannot be sued, and if a State chooses to repudiate its debts there is no remedy.

J. W. P., Macksburg, Ia.:
Please tell me through your paper where is the City of Ryswick, where the treaty of Ryswick was consummated?

A village of the Netherlands, in South Holland, two miles southeast of the Hague. Population about 3,000.

A. B. C., Bellville, O.:
Will the editor of the BLADE or some of its readers give me a reliable antidote for the tobacco habit?

The only reliable antidote is to "swear off." This can be done at any time, but a great many think the first of January most appropriate.

A. H., Afton, Ia.: The origin of "Yankee Doodle" is obscure. It is supposed to have been composed or introduced in America in 1775. Some say that a British Sergeant in Boston composed the words. The tune is an old one used in England as early as the time of Charles I.

D. H. A., Stillwell, Ind.: The first census of the United States was taken in 1790. It enrolled 3,929,827 persons, excluding Indians, and cost $44,377. There were found to be nearly 700,000 slaves. This was the first systematic census ever taken by order of any Government in the world.

Old Subscriber, Chambersburg, Pa.:
"The House on the 7th inst. held an evening session, at which 17 pension bills were passed." What are the nature of these pension bills?

Usually cases that have been rejected by the Pens on Office because of some informality or lack of proof; sometimes pensions not provided for by existing laws.

J. H. T., Oak Harbor, O.:
To whom are we indebted for the establishment of the Naval Observatory at Washington?

John Quincy Adams was probably the first to suggest it. He recommended it in 1823, and again in his first message to Congress, but it was not till 1842 that Congress could be induced to take action.

E. M. S., Bettsville, O.:
1. Please give length of the steamer "Chief Justice Waite." 2. Who is President of the Pennsylvania Railway Company? 3. Which is the longest railway in the United States, under one management?

1. Two hundred and two feet over all. 2. George B. Roberts. 3. The Southern Pacific is the longest continuous stretch of main line railroad under one control in the United States, and perhaps in the world.

Subscriber, New London:
Will hen eggs keep any time of the year if they are laid down to keep for Winter, especially through July and August? What is the best article to use for the purpose?

Eggs may be preserved by dipping them in melted suet, olive oil, milk of lime, solution of gum arabic, or covering them with an air proof varnish. Then pack in bran, oats, meal, salt, ashes, or charcoal powder.

Inquirer, Brown Mountain, N. C.:
What is the license exacted of a wholesale and retail dealer?

The United States Internal Revenue law requires a license of $25 for a retail dealer in liquors, and $100 for a wholesale dealer. "Every person who sells or offers for sale foreign or domestic distilled spirits or wines in less quantities than five wine gallons at the same time, shall be regarded as a retail dealer in liquors," is the plain reading of the law.

S. H. A., Grove Spring, Mo.:
Can you give a simple remedy for a rolling overnight?

Tincture of lobelia, one ounce; Iceland moss, two ounces; white poppy capsules, bruised, two ounces; pearl barley, two tablespoonfuls; water, two quarts; molasses, two ounces. Boil down to three pints, and strain; dissolve in it from four to eight ounces of sugar candy. Dose, a tablespoonful when the cough is troublesome. It does not constipate, like laudanum and paregoric.

Prairie Flower, Yates Center, Kan.:
1. Why is the Capitol of the United States called the White House? 2. What established the custom of eating eggs on Easter?

1. Because it is white. 2. Easter eggs symbolyse the resurrection of the Saviour, and they are colored red in allusion to the blood of redemption. The custom dates back to the ancient Hindoos, Jews, Persians and Egyptians, and it was symbolical of the mundane egg from which, according to an ancient tradition, the earth was hatched. It is said also to refer to the recreative powers of nature, which begin to be displayed in the Easter season.

J. S., Grove Oak, Ala.:
Please give good receipe for removing grease from cloth or silk.

Separate the yolk of an egg from the white as perfectly as possible. Then stretch the fabric on a board, and with a soft clothes brush, dip into the yolk and rub the spot with it until the grease seems loosened. The yolk will not injure the most delicate colors but the rubbing may, if too severe. Then rinse with warm rain water, rubbing the edges with a damp cloth, and clapping the whole between dry towels. If the stain is not quite gone, repeat the process. It will not do so well for fabrics mixed with cotton or linen.

D. H. T., Centre City, Tex.:
What is the composition of bronze? How are imitations made?

Real bronze is made of copper and tin, to which for various purposes zinc, and sometimes other metals are added, as in case of bells and the like. The discovery was made at a very early day that a mixture of 90 per cent. of copper and 10 per cent. of zinc, both metals being comparatively soft, made a composition almost as hard as steel, and axes and other cutting tools were thus produced. Imitation bronzes are of two kinds. One is composed of iron or lead, or some cheap metal, and bronzed over on the surface. The other is wood or paper or iron painted to imitate bronze.

C. W. J., Amber, Mich.:
Will you please inform one of your subscribers where manilla paper (such as flour sacks are made of) is made? Also of what material is it made?

There are numerous establishments for the manufacture of flour sacks, one being situated at Chagrin Falls, O. The manilla hemp tree is native of the Phillipine Islands. From the finer fibers the inhabitants of the island weave tissues of great delicacy; the fibers are not spun but used in their natural state. The coarser fibers are used for ropes and cordage. Large quantities of paper are made in whole or in part from manila, usually in the form of wornout rope.

J. R. M., Level Green, Ky.:
What was the Colossus of Rhodes, one of the seven wonders?

It was a brass statue of Apollo, 70 cubits high, erected at the port of Rhodes in honor of the sun, by Chares of Lindus, 290 B. C. It was thrown down by an earthquake, about 224 B. C. The figure is said traditionally to have stood upon two moles, a leg being extended on each side of the harbor, so that a vessel in full sail could enter between. The statue was in ruins in 1834-48-49, and extended his journey to Egypt and Syria. His letters during these journeys were published with the title of "Letters of a Traveler." In 1845 he purchased an old mansion near the village of Roslyn, on Long Island, where he resided till his death, June 12, 1878. He retained control of the Evening Post till his death. His brother John Howard, also a poet, first came into notice in 1825 by the publication of "My Native Land." He went to Illinois in 1831; has been a member of the Legislature, and published a collection of his poems in New York in 1855. William Cullen was not only a poet but a powerful orator, and addressed many public bodies on momentous occasions. His life was peaceful and happy, and few men have left more friends.

MRS. S. C. B., Spring Mills, N. Y., writes: "I saw a request in the BLADE for a song called 'The Little Drummer.' I send this, hoping it is the one asked for."

THE LITTLE DRUMMER.

At his post, the little Major
Dropped his drum, that battle day;
On the field, all stained with crimson,
Through that battle night he lay,
Crying, "Oh, for love of Jesus,
Grant me but this little boon,
Can you, friends, refuse me water—
Can you, when I die so soon?"

There were none to help or save him;
All his friends had early fled,
Save the forms outstretched around him
Of the dying and the dead.
Hush! they come, these falls a footstep—
How it makes his heart rejoice;
They will help, oh, they will save him,
When they hear his fainting voice.

See, the lights are flashing 'round him,
And he hears a loyal word;
Strangers they whose lips pronounce it.
Yet he trusts his voice is heard;
It was heard—oh, God forgive them,
They refuse his dying prayer;
"Nothing but a wounded drummer,"
So they say, and leave him there.

See, the moon that shone above him
Veils her face as if in grief,
And the skies are sadly weeping,
Shedding tear-drops of relief.
Oh, to die, by friends forsaken,
With his last request denied;
This he feels his keenest anguish,
When at morn he gasped and died.

C. N. Defiance, O.:
1. Why is the northern light called aurora borealis? 2. What is the real, direct, so far as known, cause of these lights? Please give a clear explanation and oblige.

1. Probably because in polar regions aurorea are very common, and usually far more brilliant than in the temperate zones. The more correct name is Aurora Polaris. 2. It is held by some that the aurora is due to electrical discharges from the earth. Through some cause the earth, regarded as a vast magnet, becomes overcharged (according to this theory) with electrical energy, and it is as this energy is gradually dissipated that the splendors of the aurora are displayed. It has been noticed that whenever the earth's magnetism is unusually intense an auroral display is to be expected. As soon as the aurora has made its appearance the intensity of the magnetic force begins to diminish. The more brilliant the aurora, the more rapidly is the extra energy of the earth's magnetism dissipated. So familiar have telegraph operators become with the disturbance which the aurora causes, that they can predict its appearance with much certainty. They regard the electricity generated by it as precisely that of the electro-galvanic battery, which is distinguished by its voluminous current without intensity of action, differing from atmospheric electricity or the kind developed by friction, which may be dissipated by placing a wire conductor leading to the ground in close proximity to the line of wires. It has been noticed in the arctic regions that the aurora was never visible above ice fields, but that whenever an aurora was in progress the light appeared always to be gathered over the surface of the open water. The actual frequency of auroras cannot be inferred from observations made in temperate latitudes, where alone hitherto any attempt has been made to determine long periods. The longest period which has been thoroughly established is one of about 11 years. This period is associated with the occurrence of magnetic disturbances in cycles of 11 years. The connection between auroral action and disturbances of the earth's magnetism appears to have been demonstrated, though doubt still remains as to the exact nature of the association. The perturbations of the magnetic needle undoubtedly attain their maximum extent at intervals separated by about 11 years.

Subscriber, Knoxville, Tenn.:
1. Why is the British Parliament held its sessions at night? 2. How are the Speakers or presiding officers of the House of Lords and Commons chosen? 3. Why cannot the South Pole be approached as near as the North Pole? 4. Why are there more bald-headed men than women?

1. According to ancient practice the House always adjourns to 10 o'clock in the morning, but the general practice is to commence business at 4 P. M., with the exception of Wednesday, when the House sits from 12 to 6. 2. The Lord Chancellor or Lord Keeper of the Great Seal is Speaker *ex officio* of the House of Lords, and an ancient order declares it to be "his duty ordinarily to attend the Lords' House of Parliament." To make provision for his necessary absence, Deputy Speakers are appointed by commission from the Crown, "to officiate from time to time during the royal pleasure in the room and place of the Lord Chancellor." The office is generally conferred upon the Chief Justice of the King's Bench or the Chief Baron of the Exchequer. In the absence of these officials the Lords themselves select a Speaker pro tempore. The person who acts as Speaker need not be a member of the House; commoners have often been raised to the office. The Speaker of the House of Commons is chosen by the House from among its own members, subject to the approval of the crown, holding his office till the dissolution of the Parliament in which he was elected. His salary is £6,000 a year, exclusive of a furnished residence. At the end of his official labors he is generally rewarded with a peerage and a pension. Formerly no business could be transacted in his absence, but now the Chairman of Committees of the Whole House presides when the Speaker is absent. 3. The belt of ocean that encircles the globe on the Polar side of 80° south is never free from ice-bergs. They are found in all parts of it all the year round. Many of them are miles in extent and hundreds of feet thick. The unexplored region around the South Pole is supposed to be about twice as large as Europe. This untraveled region is circular in shape, its circumference measuring not less than 7,000 miles. Its edges have been penetrated here and there, and land wherever seen, has been high and rugged. Explorers, so far as they have penetrated within the circle, tell of high lands, mountains of ice, and volcanoes burning in the distance. 4. There has never been any satisfactory explanation, but it is probably because women take better car of their hair than men and do not have ignorant barbers experimenting on their heads with all sorts of oils and hair dyes.

Information Wanted.

D. B. Wolcott, Garfield, Kan., wishes to learn the name and address of the Surgeon of the 171st O. V. I.

M. F. Harris, Trimbelle, Wis., wants the address of Surgeon T. E. Clark, formerly of Mt. Vernon, O.

A. Ames, of Sheldon, Iroquois Co., Ill., wishes to learn the whereabouts of Joseph R. Bingman, of Co. K, 45d Ill. Inf.

Daniel Black, Minnetrista, Hennepin Co., Minn., wants the address of Aaron Oliver and Louis Rice, of Co. C, 24 Minn. Vet. Vol.

Samuel Eckels, Jasper, Remington Co., Ind., wants the address of Patrick McLaughlin, Co. F, and A. C. Wilson, Co. K, 16th Iowa Inf.

John Welsh, Tolona, Lewis Co., Mo., would like the address of any of the children or grandchildren of C. Wendel, who settled near Dover, O.

Fr. E. H. Griffin, Albany, Linn Co., Or., wants the address of some member of Rev. A. S. Allen's family, who, in 1848, lived in Dodgeville, Wis.

P. H. Shehan, Lafayette, Ind., wishes the names and address of the surgeons or detailed soldiers at Crutchfield Hospital, after the battle of Chickamauga.

Edgar A. Squires, Waterloo, Ind., desires the address of Enoch Anderson and Edward Hunter, of Illinois; also of William Shields Elisha Knox and James Peterson.

Peter Kiefover (no postoffice) wants the address of G. M. Kiefover, who left Marshal Co., Kan., about nine years ago, and was last heard of on the Arkansas River.

A. J. Learned, Millfield, Athens Co., O., wants the address of any of the comrades of Lieut. A. S. Chute, Company D, 56th O. V. I., who were with him when he was killed, May 16, 1863, near Big Black River, Miss.

Information Furnished.

The address of Charles Vorhees, Co. K, 21st Iowa, is St. Edward, Boone Co., Neb.

Delayed Subscriptions.

It sometimes happens that persons order the BLADE mailed to them and fail to receive after a reasonable time has elapsed. Why this is will readily be seen from the following list of persons sending money for the BLADE and failing either to sign their names or give their address:

Letter containing $1.25, signed Andrew Walther, no postoffice, County or State.

Letter containing 50c, signed by Andrew Cable, no postoffice, County or State.

Letter containing $1, dated at Allisonville, no County or State, signed David Allison.

If U. J. Courtney will give his full address the error will be corrected.

Letter containing $1.25, to pay for Blade for Jos. Foster, signed by H. C. Woodnaus, no postoffice county or State.

Letter containing $1, dated at Seneca, no county or State signed by N. Cran.

If J. K. Richardson, of Berlin, will give his full address, J. D. Baker's complaint will be looked into.

Letter containing $1.25, dated at West Middleton, no county or State, to pay for Blades for James Hanna, signed Postmaster.

Letter containing $1.25, dated at Maple Rapids, Mich., no signature attached.

Letter containing 50c, signed Josie Branson, no postoffice, county or State.

THE NEW THEORY OF CONSUMPTION.

Prof. John Tyndall's Luminous Account of Dr. Koch's Investigations.

From His Letter to the London Times.

On the 24th of March, 1882, an address of very serious public import was delivered by Dr. Koch before the Physiological Society of Berlin. It touches a question in which we are all at present interested—that of experimental physiology—and I may, therefore, be permitted to give some account of it in the *Times*. The address, a copy of which has been courteously sent to me by its author, is intitled: "The Etiology of Tubercular Disease. Koch first made himself known by the penetration, skill and thoroughness of his researches on the contagium of splenic fever. By a process of inoculation and infection he traced this terrible parasite through all its stages of development and through its various modes of action. This masterly investigation caused the young physician to be transferred from a modest country practice, in the neighborhood of Breslau, to the post of Government Advisor in the Imperial Health Department of Berlin.

From this department has lately issued a most important series of investigations on the etiology of infective disorders. Koch's last inquiry deals with a disease, which, in point of mortality, stands at the head of them all. If, he says, the seriousness of a malady be measured by the number of its victims, then the most dreaded pests which have hitherto ravaged the world—plague and cholera included—must stand far behind the one now under consideration. Koch makes the startling statement that one-seventh of the deaths of the human race are due to tubercular disease, while fully one-third of those who die in active middle age are carried off by the same cause. Prior to Koch it had been placed beyond doubt that the disease was communicable; and the aim of the Berlin physician has been to determine the precise character of the contagium which previous experiments on inoculation and inhalation had proved to be capable of indefinite transfer and reproduction. He subjected the diseased organs of a great number of men and animals to microscopic examination, and found, in all cases, the tubercles infested with a minute, rod-shaped parasite, which, by means of a special dye, he differentiated from the surrounding tissue. It was, he says, in the highest degree impressive to observe in the center of the tubercle cell the minute organism which had created it. Transferring directly, by inoculation, the tuberculous matter from diseased animals to healthy ones, he in every instance reproduced the disease. To meet the objection that it was not the parasite itself, but some virus it which it was imbedded in the diseased organ, that was the real contagium, he cultivated his bacilli artificially, for long periods of time and through many successive generations. With a speck of matter, for example, from a tuberculous human lung, he infected a substance prepared, after much trial, by himself, with the view of affording nutriment to the parasite. Here he permitted it to grow and multiply. From this new generation he took a minute sample and infected therewith fresh nutritive matter, thus producing another brood. Generation after generation of bacilli were developed in this way, without the intervention of disease. At the end of the process, which sometimes embraced successive cultivations extending over half a year, the purified bacilli were introduced into the circulation of healthy animals of various kinds. In every case inoculation was followed by the reproduction and spread of the parasite and the generation of the original disease.

Permit me to give a further, though still brief and sketchy, account of Koch's experiments. Of six guinea pigs, all in good health, four were inoculated with bacilli derived originally from a human lung, which in 54 days had produced five successive generations. Two of the six animals were not infected. In every one of the infected cases the guinea pig sickened and lost flesh. After 32 days one of them died, and after 35 days the remaining five were killed and examined. In the guinea pig that died, and in the three remaining infected ones, strongly pronounced tubercular disease had set in. Spleen, liver, and lungs were found filled with tubercles; while in the two uninfected animals no trace of the disease was observed. In a second experiment, six out of eight guinea pigs were inoculated with cultivated bacilli, derived originally from the tuberculous lung of a monkey, bred and re-bred for 95 days, until eight generations had been produced. Every one of these animals was attacked, while the two uninfected guinea pigs remained perfectly healthy. Similar experiments were made with cats, rabbits, rats, mice and other animals, and without exception, it was found that the injection of the parasite into the animal system was followed by decided and, in most cases, virulent tubercular disease.

In the cases thus far mentioned inoculation had been effected in the abdomen. The place of inoculation was afterwards changed to the aqueous humor of the eye. Three rabbits received each a speck of bacillus culture, derived originally from a human lung affected with pneumonia. Eighty nine days had been devoted to the culture of the organism. The infected rabbits rapidly lost flesh, and after 25 days were killed and examined. The lungs of every one of them were found charged with tubercles. Of three other rabbits, one received an injection of pure blood serum in the aqueous humor of the eye, while the other two were infected, in a similar way, with the same serum, containing bacilli derived originally from a diseased lung, and subjected to 91 days' cultivation. After 28 days' the rabbits were killed. The one which had received an injection of pure serum was found perfectly healthy, while the lungs of the two others were found overspread with tubercles.

Other experiments are recorded in this admirable essay, from which the weightiest practical conclusions may be drawn. Koch determines the limits of temperature between which the tubercle bacillus can develop and multiply. The minimum temperature he finds to be 86° Fahrenheit and the maximum 104°. He concludes that unlike the bacillus anthracis of splenic fever, which can flourish freely outside the animal body, in the temperate zone animal warmth is necessary for the propagation of the newly discovered organism. In a vast number of cases Koch has examined the matter expectorated from the lungs of persons affected with phthisis and found in it swarms of bacilli, while in matter expectorated from the lungs of persons not thus afflicted he has never found the organism. The expectorated matter in the former cases was highly infective, nor did drying destroy its virulence. Guinea pigs infected with expectorated matter which had been kept dry for two, four and eight weeks, respectively, were smitten with tubercular diseases quite as virulent as that produced by fresh expectoration. Koch points to the grave danger of inhaling air in which particles of the dried sputa of consumptive patients mingled with dust of other kinds.

It would be mere impertinence on my part to draw the the obvious moral from these experiments. In no other conceivable way than that pursued by Koch could the true character of the most destructive malady by which humanity is now assailed be determined. And, however noisy the fanaticism of the moment may be, the common sense of Englishmen will not, in the long run, permit it to enact cruelty in the name of tenderness, or to debar us from the light and leading of such investigations as that which is here so imperfectly described.

Your obedient servant,
JOHN TYNDALL.

Hind Head, April 20.

A CHINESE CUSTOM

That Might be Imported Here to Advantage.

Laramie Boomrang.

There is one custom in the Celestial Empire that we would like to see turned loose here. Boys in China are not supposed to be responsible until they arrive at about the age of 20 years, and their parents are held accountable for all their crookedness, just the same as the owner of any other dangerous animal is held responsible for damages.

Supposing a bad boy walks up and throws a stone through your bay window that shatters a fine calla and busts the statue of the sweet singer of Michigan, you do not go out and chase him four blocks with an iron rake and club him till he gets out of reach, but you just get an old hoe handle that swings easy, and you search out the boy's parents and wear them out with that hoe handle and mix them up with the sand. Then if the boy don't behave himself you can go to other relatives of his, and gradually enlarge the circle of your acquaintance, until you have mauled the entire relationship, even including the old grandparents of the boy, and if any of these people resist they are subject to imprisonment.

This law, although apparently stringent, is a good one. It makes parents take more interest in their children and look out for them more accurately. It encourages parents to know where their boys are, and to keep their eyes on them more than they do here in Laramie. Why, if that law were to go into force here, some men we know would have to take an arnica bath twice a day, and they wouldn't have a whole bone in their body. We like to see a bright, active boy with good health and sound lungs, but the thriving blossom that will develop into a Jesse James we have no use for.

If the Chinese law could be enforced here against those parents who are breeding up a squad of hoodlums, we would not weep. It would be pretty active work for the avenger and his hoe handle, but it would institute a reform at least. As it is now, a building cannot be left unoccupied over night before every pane of glass is broken and the walls smashed in. Now if the owner had the right to climb the male parent of these boys and knock his shoulder blades through his spleen and tangle his works all up so that hereafter his food wouldn't be any benefit to him, it might arouse an interest in his children so that he would make them an ornament to society.

You can't do much with a strange boy anyhow. If you spank him with an old window shutter, he goes home and tells his father, and the old man tells him to go right back and do the same thing and he will stand by him. Then the boy returns and repeats, and you start after him with the intention of killing him, but as he turns the corner a quarter of a mile away and puts his thumb on his nose and waves his fingers in the air, you control your brutal temper and go home.

That's the reason why in 20 years from now it will be a bitter cold day when the telegraph doesn't give us the particulars of 27 murders and 13 train robberies.

"Ma's Arms."

London Correspondence New York Tribune.

The Queen's daughters always speak of her Majesty as "Ma." When Von Angeli's picture of the Queen was first shown to the Princess Beatrice, she exclaimed: "Oh! look at poor Ma's arms!"—the brutally faithful artist having painted the Queen's hands and arms of a very ruddy hue. To her grandchildren the Queen is never grandmother or grandmamma, but always "grandma," a word held, like "ma," in especial abhorrence among the cultivated classes of this country, who regard both as of the language of the *bourgeoisie*.

Tax on Matches.

Boston Globe.

Last year the revenue derived from the tax on matches was $4,278,580. One corporation that has a monopoly on the business paid the bulk of that sum, and now tells the Congressional Committee on Ways and Means that it does not want the tax abolished. Of course not. That world break up the monopoly.

Busy Star Routers.

Boston Post.

While on his way to the Postoffice Department to sign contracts amounting to $200,000 for carrying the mails, a certain Star Router is said to have stepped into the Criminal Court and furnished bail to answer to five indictments charging fraud in mail contracts. Truly, these Star Routers are busy men these days.

Trying to Switch the Democracy Off Its Old Track.

Buffalo Courier, (Dem.)

Democratic attacks on the National Bank system during the last few years have been worse than useless. They have resulted in defeats of the party in Ohio and other States. Similar tactics at present would divide the Democratic organization and expose it to new disaster.

Jesse James's Home

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

According to the census of 1880, there was an increase of *eight* in the population of Clay County in the preceding 10 years. The two children of Jesse James leaves but six to be accounted for.

Starving to Death on Memories.

Binghamton Republican.

Rattling the bones of Jefferson will not put new life or vigor into the Democratic party.

YACHTING.

One of the most manly and satisfying pleasures as well as the most agreeable, is yachting. The owner of the yacht is one who gathers the chief comfort, as he sails his craft for the excitement of the race or for the genuine enjoyment of gliding his beautiful vessel over the water. Those who have the care, management and working of a yacht dwell almost upon the water. As a class they are quiet, sober, careful, skilful men, but their life of exposure to the elements is productive of much rheumatism among them, and they suffer considerably from colds, the result of cold, bruised joints, &c. ST. JACOBS OIL is a favorite remedy with these men, because of the splendid service it renders them. Captain Schmidt, of Tompkinsville, Staten Island, says that he has been a great sufferer from rheumatism for many years. He had severe rheumatic pains in nearly every portion of his body, and suffered so that at times he would be entirely unable to attend to any business. He said: "I am quite well now, however, and, as you see, I am able to work without any trouble. I attribute my recovery entirely to St. Jacobs Oil, for I felt better as soon as I commenced to use that remedy; and whenever I feel anything like rheumatism coming on, I rub the place with the Oil, and it always does what is claimed for it. Finding St. Jacobs Oil did me so much good, I got my family to use it whenever they had any pains or colds, and it has done good in every case when they have tried it. I can say that St. Jacobs Oil is a highly good rheumatic remedy, and I don't intend to be without it." This experience is such as has been enjoyed not only by yachtsmen and others, who follow the water, but by people in every walk of life and variety of pursuit the whole world over.

Curbing Uncle Sam.

San Francisco Bulletin (Ind.)

We do not seem to be doing very well externally now. The Chilian authorities will not allow the mails to be carried on board our men-of-war in the harbor of Callao until they are overhauled by them. Meanwhile the British mails are delivered on board the British men-of-war directly from the steamer with flags flying and drums beating. The dispatch sent by this Government to our Minister to acknowledge Calderon as President of Peru was intercepted by the Chilians, who settled the business right out of hand by arresting Calderon and sending him out of the country.

From the Home Journal.

A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY,

A REAL SKIN CURE.

THERE IS ONLY ONE,

AND THAT WITH SIMPLE NAME.

Beware of imposters, pirates, or any old articles which now suddenly claim to be best. They have been tried and found wanting, while this has been proved a remarkable success.

NO POMPOUS NAME.

This curative needs no pompous or incomprehensible title of Greek or Latin to sustain it, but its simple English name appeals directly to the common sense of the people. And the people are signally manifesting their appreciation of this frankness by selecting and using Dr. Benson's SKIN CURE in preference to all other professed remedies.

Dr. C. W. Benson has long been well known as a successful physician and surgeon, and his life study has been the diseases of the nervous system and of the skin; since he has been persuaded to put his New Remedy and Favorite Prescription as a "Skin Cure" on the market, various things have sprung up into existence, or having woke up from the sleepy state in which they were before, and now claim to be THE GREAT SKIN CURE.

☞ Beware of imitations, or the various articles which have been advertised for years or struggled along, having no real hold or merit on the public, that now endeavor to keep head above water by advertising themselves as "The Great Skin Cure." None is genuine and reliable except Dr. C. W. Benson's Skin Cure. Each package and bottle bears his likeness. Internal and external remedy, two bottles in one package. Price, $1; get at your druggists.

Relief for Overworked Brains.

CAUSE AND CURE.

Dr. C. W. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills are valuable for school children who suffer from nervous headaches caused by an overworked brain in their studies, and for all classes of hard brain-workers, whose overtasked nervous centers need repair and sedation. Nervous tremor, weakness and paralysis are being daily cured by these pills. They correct costiveness, but are not purgative. Price, 50 cents, or six boxes for $2.50, postage free to any address. For sale by all druggists. Depot, Baltimore, Md., where the Doctor can be addressed. Letters of inquiry freely answered.

C. N. Crittenton, New York, is wholesale agent for Dr. O. W. Benson's remedies.

VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.

Woman can Sympathize with Woman. Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

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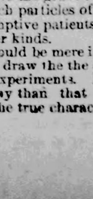

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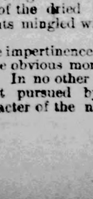

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THE WEEKLY BLADE

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubs

D. R. LOCKE, Editor.
JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

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Circulation this Week, 79,000

Kentucky boasts of the finest wheat crop of many years.

Advice to Scoville: Let her go—let her go, by all means.

Who has been meddling with the forests again, and precipitated this rainfall?

Oregon speaks first this year. She will elect a Governor and Congressman June 5.

London *World* says that more marriages are unmade than are made during the London season.

The Maine people believe that Blaine will prefer to be Governor, and re-enter the Senate from that position.

Kentucky has quit getting up meat showers and evangelical cures for sensations, and has discovered a spring of refined kerosene.

As Mrs. Frank Leslie is making $200,000 a year out of her deceased husband's business, she is pronounced strikingly handsome.

We want to send a specimen copy of the Weekly Blade to every person so unfortunate as not to be regular subscriber. Send us the address of all your friends.

The issue of the South Carolina tissue ballot cases does not appear hopeful. It does not seem possible to secure a conviction from the juries that can be impaneled there.

"Nasby in Exile" will be ready for delivery in six weeks. Canvassers securing territory now, will have just time to make a thorough canvass by the time the book is ready.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* thinks that if Cavendish and Burke had acquired the noble North American habit of carrying a pistol, one or both of them might be alive at this moment.

A New York brewer has made an assignment. He must have been getting confidential points on stocks from Vanderbilt. Even the profits of brewing could not stand that sort of thing long.

Even new beginners at book canvassing are meeting with unheard-of success in taking orders for "Nasby in Exile." The Locke Publishing Co., Toledo O., will give full particulars on application.

The picture of Mrs. Kirkwood, engaged in her Monday morning's work of hanging out the washing in the backyard, is now making a very pretty domestic background for the ex-Secretary's political aspirations.

The London *Daily News* reports the resignation of Mr. Gladstone as probable. It would not be strange if he did feel, under the present aspect of things, as if rest for his weary soul was the only thing to be desired.

Fort Pillow Chalmers procastinated too much in turning Reformer. He answers very well the description of the vilest sinner, but the lamp ceased to burn when he was expelled from the House for glaring fraud.

No more Chinese for 10 years. By that time every acre of the country will be filled so full of Germans, Irish, Scandinavians, Italians and Russian Jews, that there will be no place for a Chinaman even as chinking between the logs.

Prize-Fighter Sullivan—in the pursuance of his usual course of low blackguardism—went into a Boston bar-room on Friday evening, and made some derogatory remarks concerning the wife of a little barber, who was in the saloon. The barber called him a liar very promptly. Sullivan struck at him, and the barber knocked him down with a water pitcher.

The argument of the distillers that they should have a law passed for their relief, because there is now more whisky being manufactured in the United States than can be sold is fallacious. They certainly do not believe in this themselves, because their association is strong enough to regulate the production, and if too much is being distilled to reduce the quantity.

The Troy *Times* says; "That it is idle to talk of a man's running for the Presidency whose physical afflictions are so great as those of Mr. Tilden. When one has reached that degree of feebleness that he can neither dress himself nor even cut the food that nature craves for sustenance, he has passed the limitations of political hopes and ambitions.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

The main interest of the week was in reference to the proceedings of the Court *in banc* on Guiteau's case. The arguments made before the Court were made the basis of strong assertions that a new trial would be granted on ground of error in the admission of the testimony of Mrs. Dunmire, on the ground of the want of jurisdiction, or on both grounds. The point relative to the admission of Mrs. Dunmire's evidence was that she testified to matters of which she had knowledge while the wife of Guiteau, and that the Courts have repeatedly declared strongly against any reception of such evidence, as a violation of marital confidence, and contrary to the policy of the law. Of course it was answered to this—and we think successfully—that Mrs. Dunmire's evidence was wholly unimportant. The Judges of the Court had a long consultation on Saturday, which lasted four hours, and was marked by the most seaching examination of authorities and the most rigorous analysis of every point made in the arguments. The Judges were in thorough harmony all through, and in reaching a decision not for one moment differing in the general steps by which a decision was reached, although, of course, each Judge had individual opinions on the various points of law and their application. The decision will be announced May 22. It is now known that it affirms the sentence of the Court below, of course overruling the exceptions. This disposes of Guiteau's last chance. He will be hanged June 30.

Despite the recent compromise the political situation in Pennsylvania has still some threatening aspects. The anti-Boss Republicans are not at all satisfied with the concessions made by Cameron, and Sen. Mitchell openly announces that he will not support the ticket nominated at the Convention. The question that disturbs Mr. Cameron's peace of mind now is as to the strength that Sen. Mitchell can draw into his train. At present it looks as if this defection would be sufficient to defeat the ticket, despite the acknowledged popularity and the undeniable good qualities of Gen. Beaver, who is the head of the ticket.

The feeling in England is intensely bitter towards Ireland, and the disposition to hold the whole people responsible for the murder of Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke increases. Last Thursday a Prevention of Crime bill was introduced into Parliament by the Home Secretary and will probably pass in spite of the opposition of Mr. Parnell and his friends. The operation of the bill is to be limited to three years. It suspends trial by jury, and places arbitrary power in the hands of the Lord Lieutenant. In fact it is going backward, and reviving every horror of the past. It is supposed now that the assassinations were the result of a political plot, and that Earl Spencer would have been murdered had the opportunity been afforded. A new Chief Secretary has been appointed in the person of Mr. Otto Trevelyan, who has been Secretary of the Admiralty. The assassins have not yet been arrested. A number of suspects were released on Tuesday of this week, which caused an immense excitement in the House of Commons, and angry comment.

Egypt is in a state of revolution. The Ministry, in violation of the organic law, summoned the Chamber of Notables over the head of the Khedive. Their nominal object was to settle the difference which had arisen between them and the Khedive, but it is understood that the latter's deposition may be regarded as virtually achieved in favor of a government under Arabi Bey, unless immediate intervention occurs. The diplomatic agents of Germany Austria and Italy in Cairo received strict instructions to abstain from intervention. The Egyptian Ministers formally assured the foreign Consuls General that no danger threatened the lives or property of Europeans; but they declared that in the event of Turkish intervention they were resolved to defend their country. The Ministers have promised the foreign representatives that the Khedive's person will be held sacred. The Khedive, at a private audience, declared that he was resolved not to give way at any cost. He said he relied upon material support from England and France, by whose advice he had signed the decree commuting the sentence of the Circassian officers. The President of the Chamber of Notables asked the Ministry to resign but Arabi Bey defiantly replied that they would not. Later news is to the effect that Mahmoud Barundi has resigned the presidency of the Council and has been succeeded by Mustapha Femy, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. This of course leaves Arabi Bey still in power, but matters are very unsettled and troubles may occur at any moment.

Revolutionary troubles continue to harass and annoy the republic of Ecuador. The provinces of Tulcan and Ibarra have pronounced against the Dictator Veintemilla. These provinces contain probably 90,000 inhabitants, and it will require some force to subdue them, while all through the interior the spirit of rebellion to the dictatorship is spreading rapidly. The revolutionists who deposed the authorities at Esmeraldas have retired to Pianguapi, within sight of San Lorenzo, where the steamer "Olmedo" is now lying with soldiers and a Government Commission on board. The steamer "Manabi" is being rapidly prepared to join the "Olmedo" with reinforcements, when an attack may be made on the disaffected persons, who are mostly without arms. Recruiting is going on lively in Guayaquil, and the chances are strongly in favor of the Government quelling the movement. In a resounding proclamation to the faithful, Veintemilla declares that the Esmeraldas mutiny is without a leader. He exhorts the soldiers to stand firm and give him their confidence.

A disastrous fire swept through the town of Manta, Ecuador, on April 21. The business portion of the town was completely destroyed, but the warehouses along the beach were saved. The Custom House, with its valuable contents, was saved. The loss is estimated at about $120,000.

CHOICE FICTION.

We are having a very large sale of cloth-bound $1.75 books, which we sell at 50 cents each, or five copies for $2, as announced on page five, this issue. It is the cheapest book offer ever made.

THE NEW DESPOTISM.

Our expreat hope that the British Government would learn from the temperate wisdom of our conduct in the calamitous times of assassination in high places, is not to be fulfilled. The bill introduced into Parliament Thursday shows that 700 years of struggle with down-trodden Ireland have taught the British statesmen nothing, the utter failure of bloody measures and iron despotism to accomplish results has taught them nothing, the marvelous success of the merciful *regime* of America has taught them nothing. They only know what has been transmitted to them by brutal, strong-handed ancestry—that brute force can overpower the weaker and force a seeming submission.

The Home Secretary's bill simply proposes to undo the civilization of centuries. He would destroy all the progress made for hundreds of years of weary and costly efforts, and re-establish methods and practices which the world outgrew before America was discovered. All the fearful list of cruel measures which stain the memories of the Henrys, Elizabeth and Cromwells, and which were condemned, not only for their barbarity but still more for their utter uselessness to accomplish the end aimed at, are to be revived, and made if possible, more savage and vindictive than ever. Think of a ruler of an enlightened country in the 19th century asking that his agents be given arbitrary power over millions of people to search for secret apparatus of murder, such as arms, threatening letters, etc.; power to enter houses by day or night under warrant of the Lord Lieutenant; power to arrest persons prowling about at night and unable to give an account of themselves, who are to be dealt with summarily; power to arrest strangers, "as crimes are generally committed by foreign emissaries!"

Meetings are to be suppressed, newspapers to be choked, the jury abolished, "cases of aggravated assault" to be treated in a summary manner, and so on.

No English ruler ever dared assume such extraordinary power. The Czar of Russia is not so omnipotent and irresponsible as this will make the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The mere suggestion of such a preposterous investment of powers and privileges is simply amazing.

What is the occasion of all this attempted reduction of the Irish people to a 12th century condition of serfdom? Simply that two men of about the importance of the Secretaries of the President's Cabinet have been killed. This was at once and vehemently disclaimed by all the Irish people, and the judgment of the world unhesitatingly acquits them of any complicity in it. The eager manner in which this act is taken advantage of to stay the movement toward mercy and peace toward these long-suffering people is ample ground for the strongest suspicion that Cavendish and Burke were the victims of the relentless landlords, who were only too willing to encompass their deaths as a means of retaining their own merciless grasp upon the throats of the down-trodden tenants.

All common sense revolts at the supposition that the Irish people, who have for the past three years shown a firmness and constancy of purpose which have challenged the admiration of the world, who have resisted thousands of temptations to wreak a wild revenge on their oppressors, should give way at the moment when deliverance from their troubles was at hand, and slay the men through whose hands that deliverance was to come. The man who could assert such a thing, simply asserts himself a malignant idiot.

The man of reason can entertain but two hypotheses concerning this affair. Either

a. Cavendish and Burke were killed on account of some personal and private grievance, as all men are liable to be,

Or,

b. They were slain by instigation of the men who were the only ones that wished to defeat their mission, who are the only ones who do not desire Ireland conciliated or ruled justly—the only ones who will reap profit from the consequences of the assassination—*the land lords.*

The latter alternative is the one which appears most natural to all who think at all calmly upon the subject. One of the oldest maxims of the law in investigating a crime is to inquire who is the most benefited by it. In this crime the only benefit goes directly to the landlords.

Therefore the passage of such a law—its introduction even,—on such a pretext, is monstrous, even were it not monstrous in itself.

A third-rate Boston hotel has gotten itself into trouble by refusing entertainment to Hon. Robert Small—formaly Congressmen from South Carolina, and who distinguished himself during the war by seizing the "Planter" of which he was pilot, and bringing her out of Charleston harbor to our fleet. Small is a man of courage and capacity, who rendered the country great service, and though once a slave, and the descendant of slaves, he is a much more desirable American citizen, than millions of white men who boast of their superiority to "a nigger."

The new Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. George Otto Trevelyan, is a man of steadfast purpose, of great breadth of mind, large intelligence, and determined in his convictions. He has written several books, and occupied subordinate ministerial places in which he has done good work. His vigorous protestations against English inhumanity to Sepoys will serve him well in his present position, as it proves him a friend to a conciliatory policy.

If the London *Times* does not change its course it will lose the prestige which it has had so long. It is now one of the most partisan journals in England, and, indeed, was the only one which made the late assassination the occasion of the most malignant and frenzied attacks upon the Government. Evidently there is a necessity for some change in the editorial management of the paper.

Mrs. Jessie James has begun giving up the watches and things earned by her late husband with his able pistol. Her awakened conscience does not prompt her to this however, as she only gives up articles that have been identified, and for which a writ of replevin is procured. She and her husband together did not have as much honesty as a Newark bank cashier in his weakest moment.

Specimen book canvassers, or any person wishing to try book canvassing, wanted by the Locke Publishing Co, Toledo, O., to sell "Nasby in Exile."

"TARIFF FOR REVENUE ONLY."

Great Britain has to expend for National purposes a somewhat larger sum than we do. In round numbers she pays out annually $423,500,000 where we spend $340 462. Owing to her smaller population this costs each of her inhabitants $11.78 per year, where ours pay but $5.19 a year. The British Government spends its revenue on the following objects:

Debt and interest	$157,075,000
Army	77,290,000
India home charges	5,500,000
Navy	52,220,000
Afghan war	2,500,000
Civil service	82,515,000
Collection of revenue	14,505,000
Postoffice, telegraphs, etc	29,445,000
Total	$421,250,000
Additional—	
Irish constabulary	200,000
Prisons act	500,000
Cyprus	450,000
Minor items	50,000
Grand total	$423,150,000

The United States has to meet the following expenditures;

Legislative		$ 2,983,455 92
Executive		16,291,367 72
Judicial		403,200 00
Foreign intercourse		1,315,005 00
Military establishment		29,509,541 17
Naval establishment		17,249,148 46
Indian affairs		5,841,713 91
Pensions		100,000,000 07
Public works:		
Treasury Dep't	$3,282,000 00	
War Department	11,476,506 03	
Navy Department	2,822,938 00	
Interior Department	396,000 00	
Postoffice Dep't	8,000 00	
Department of Agriculture	43,730 00	
Department of Justice	1,500 00	
		18,031,574 04
Postal service		929,077 95
Miscellaneous		18,141,851 95
District of Columbia		3,562,299 31
Permanent annual appropriations:		
Interest on the public debt	$65,000,000 00	
Sinking fund	45,611,714 22	
Refunding customs, internal revenue, lands, etc	7,514,100 00	
Collecting revenues from customs	5,500,000 00	
Miscellaneous	2,577,125 00	
		$ 126,302,939 22
Total estimated expenditures, including sinking fund		$ 340,462,507 65

Great Britain draws the income by which to meet these expenditures from the following sources:

Customs	$ 96,500,000
Excise on spirits, etc	133,000,000
Stamps	55,725,000
Land tax and house duty	11,875,000
Income tax	47,000,000
Postoffice and telegraphs, etc	72,975,000
Total	$422,225,000
Additional	2,450,000
Grand total	$424,675,009

We draw our income from the following sources:

From customs	$215,000,000 00
From internal revenue	155,400,000 00
From sales of public lands	2,500,000 00
From tax on circulation and deposits of national banks	8,000,000 00
From repayment of interest by Pacific Railway Companies	1,500,000 00
From customs' fees, fines, penalties, etc	1,350,000 00
From fees consular, letters patent and lands	2,450,000 00
From proceeds of sales of Government property	250,000 00
From profits on coinage	3,350,000 00
From revenus of the District of Columbia	1,800,000 00
From miscellaneous sources	8,000,000 00
Total estimated ordinary receipts	$400,000,000 00

A comparison of these papers will at once dispose of the "Tariff for Revenue" nonsense in any sensible man's mind. All questions of income are questions as to what can bear an imposition of taxes best. The British Government now finds it expedient to raise only about one-fifth of its revenue from the Tariffs, and make up the other four-fifths from spirits, tobacco, houses, windows, incomes, carriages, stamps, servants, etc.

We, on the other hand, raise about two thirds of our necessary revenue from customs and the other third from spirits and tobacco. Neither of these impositions are felt at all by the people, and we could pay twice as much without being aware of an undue burden. But Mr. Gladstone—needing a little more money for the expenses caused by the Irish troubles, does not raise the Tariff on imports; he does not increase the imports on beer, spirits and tobacco, but he asks that the tax on four-wheeled vehicles in the Kingdom be raised on one class from $5.25 to $7.50 each, and on another firm $10.50 to $15.75 each. The usual device for meeting increased expenditure is to add a penny on the pound to the income tax, or a raise in the excise duty on spirits.

While there is no doubt that an income tax is a just and equitable scheme of arranging the public burdens, it is not possible in this country for years yet. We are still in too much of a transition state, fortunes are being continually made and unmade, and circumstances alter too persistently to allow of an income tax that will not be even a grosser bungle than our system of State taxation. In England the case is very different. Incomes there are the same for generations. Their amount is known to everybody. A man who has 1,000 pounds a year can not conceal or alter the fact, and the tax can be laid with as much certainty as upon real estate. Some time we shall settle down to a like solidity in this country, but it will be after this generation has passed away.

A part of the devices for raising revenue practiced in England and the rest of Europe would be unendurable here. The tax on windows, on four-wheeled vehicles, and a host of smaller levies would not be tolerated. The stamp duty—which we abolished impatiently—still retains its full dimensions in England, and is one of the annoyances of every day life.

A study of the above tables will show that the dominant factor in the Revenue problem is, Where to place the burden of taxation? If taken off one place it must be put on another, and experience seems to show beyond a doubt that it can be borne easiest in the Custom Houses.

BIBLE BIOGRAPHY.

Although this remarkable cheap book has been offered to the readers of the Blade through our columns for about a year, we cannot see as the demand has fallen off. We mail fifty to one hundred copies every week. Only $1.25 for a $3.00 book. As our supply is nearly exhausted, we will soon have to withdraw our offer.

Science makes progress even in Kentucky. A suspicious mamma in Fernleaf in that State noticed that the suitor for her daughters hand, took frequent trips from the side of his adored to his sachel, which he left in the hall. Of course she found an opportunity to investigate the contents of the sachel, and was much relieved to find a bottle of bromide of potassium, which the ardent but circumspect wooer partook of from time to time to quiet his trembling nerves.

England has a Sweet Singer of the British Isles, and thus she tunes her lyre and sings of the recent attack on the Queen:

A vile wretch, impelled by viler passion,
Had aimed exact a fiery ball at her;
Her royal breast did suddenly heave and hop;
The luster of her face was lost, and it turned pale.
Cursed be he who did such wickedness practice
To peril the life of a female old, a queen!

Upon the war ship "Tennessee" has been expended since 1865 for repairs the sum of $1,446,348. Somebody has their pockets well lined at national expense.

THE BRUTALITY OF POWER.

English papers never wearied of prating of "Seward's little bell," during the time we were in a death-grapple with the Rebellion. Even Mr. Gladstone thought it a most melancholy perversion of the Anglo-Saxon race, and a destruction of all the safeguards of liberty which had been built up by centuries of painful effort. Yet Mr. Seward's little bell never tinkled for the arrest and incarceration of a single man who was not richly deserving of apprehension, who was not thoroly dangerous to the welfare of the country, and who, if living to-day, will not be the first to admit the entire propriety of his being rendered harmless. The whole country was a vast camp—two million of its sons were actually in the field—and if ever in human history existed a necessity for prompt and arbitrary measures, that necessity existed then. Never did men wielding an immense power, in times of great emergency, exercise that power with such tender regard for the rights of individuals as did Mr. Lincoln and the men surrounding him. Now, in an emergency of not one-thousandth part the proportions that distrest us from 1861 to 1865, the English Government resorts to measures that would disgrace the despotism of Naples or Russia. There is no war in Ireland; there is not a moment's doubt that England has power enough at any moment to enforce any law that she may make—to even crush the country if she desires it. There is, therefore, not the slightest excuse of necessity for these revolting measures. They appear on the very face to be wantonly brutal—the torture that a merciless bully inflicts upon a weaker man for the mere sake of torture. They are infinitely disgraceful to the Anglo-Saxon name.

THE MALLEY TRIAL.

As near as can be ascertained the Malley trial is to be drawn out through weary weeks lengthening into months, and then when a conclusion is reached it is by no means sure that it will remain concluded. It would seem, according to the description of the scene, as if all of the arrangements had been made with the special purpose in view of rendering it as tedious as possible. It can be endured as other things have been endured before, but the tax payers who will foot the bill are to be pitied.

So far the evidence seems to be weaving the web closer and closer around James Malley. He was seen with the murdered girl within a few hours of the finding of the dead body, and within 300 yards of the very place where it lay. If the defense cannot prove this false the case looks dark indeed for the young man. And should there be a doubt in the case it must be a very strong one in order to give him the benefit, for if he was not guilty of her death, the proof is too strong that he compassed her ruin to give him a particle of sympathy. Money may do much, but it cannot accomplish miracles, and the feelings of the community are strongly against the Malley boys.

The whole affair is only another evidence that unbridled passions inevitably lead to ruined lives. Should these young men escape punishment by law, the story of their actions, brought so prominently before the public, will always cast a shadow over them from which they can never escape. Even should they leave the locality where they are so well and now so unfavorably known, the tale will follow them and plant mistrust and loathing in the hearts of the people. Only a total wiping out of personality can ever bring oblivion of the past to those amongst whom they may live.

AN OUTRAGE.

Queen Victoria was full of sympathy for the American Nation when Garfield was assassinated and perhaps it was genuine, but there is room for a suspicion that it was so strong because it cost nothing when it was learned that a Court drawing-room was held during the hours that the funeral of Lord Cavendish was in progress. "It is well known," says the London *Standard*, that the expenses of these receptions are enormous," and that it was the Queen's economy which prevented the postponement of a festivity for which the preparations had been made. Such a proceeding seems an outrage to people this side of the water, where public sentiment would prevent such an exhibition of pitiful meanness upon the part of the head of the Nation.

This sort of thing tallies well with the entire lack of sympathy which the Queen has persistently shown for the miseries of Ireland. She has no right as a sovereign to allow English hate to control her actions towards any class of her subjects. Lord Cavendish was, however, an English nobleman who perished in the service of her Government, and the respect due to his memory would seem to have demanded the foregoing of all gaieties while the solemn ceremony of his burial was proceeding. Beside this, the terrible deed has opened the doors to more horrors, which the new bill will undoubtedly precipitate, and England's rulers may mourn not only for the dead, but for those now living.

REVISED TESTAMENT.

Have you a copy of the revised edition New Testament in your house? We will send you a handsome copy for $1.00. We have but few copies left.

Alexander H. Stephens has indicated the position he will take in the Georgia Gubernatorial canvass. When questioned by a representative of the *Atlanta Constitution* as to whether he had authorized the Independents to use his name, he denied that he had done so, but said that he would not be disregardful of such an expression of confidence by any number of citizens of the State, and the more so coming from men not of his own political association. If nominated for Governor by the Democratic party he expressed his willingness to accept the trust, and said he would "look after the rights and interests of all classes, without regard to party organization, but with the object in view of restoring harmony to the entire State, building up the waste places and restoring the old Commonwealth as far as possible to her former proud position in the sisterhood of the States of the Union." This statement of Mr. Stephens is considered as unfavorable to the Bourbons.

FAMILY BIBLES.

We have in stock just three copies of new and handsome Family Bibles, of which the regular price is $12. Also one magnificent German Family Bible, retail price $18, We will send these Bibles by express to any address on receipt of *half price.* To make ure of this bargain, order at once.

MRS. V's COOK.

Possibly the announcement that Mrs. Vanderbilt is paying her cook $7,000 a year will have the much-desired effect of depleting the overcrowded ranks of the writers of Spring poetry and of filling the empty kitchens with ambitious aspirants for fame and fortune. If so it will be a missionary work superior to sending a ship-load of fine print Bibles to the illiterate inhabitants of the African jungles. The family periodicals can help along this grand work of turning the genius of American women in the direction extirpating the foul fiend dyspepsia from our land. Instead of filling their columns with stories of how a pale and interesting young woman rescued the whole family from starvation, bought the needed medicine for her invalid mother, sent her sister to a European musical conservatory, and her brother to learn cigaret smoking and rowing at Harvard, all by having a thrilling production of her maidenly pen accepted just at the critical moment, let these papers week after week dish up feeling accounts of how the young woman, martyr to her sense of duty, struggled for weary weeks with the strenuously perfumed corned beef and cabbage, in Mrs. O'Gorman's culinary *atelier*; that she was then promoted to a dollar a week more salary, and a range with a copper boiler in the basement studio of Mrs. Benjamin De Jones, and from there a poetic inspiration in regard to the composition of a lemon meringue might lift her at once to the chief engineership of the *boudoir de cuisine* of the wealthiest magnate of the land, with more salary per annum than she would get for a lifetime of story writing.

Such a career has many opportunities for thrilling situations and fine writing. We could have the heroine bravely paring small potatos with a dull knife in a cold kitchen; vainly trying to quench her girlish tears as she slices the fragrant onion, wearily gaming the rudiments of her profession while her thoughtless butterfly companions are wearing out the pavement hunting for bargains of a dollar's worth of finery for 25 cents in money; pondering till midnight by an ill-smelling kerosene lamp over the *Metaphysics of Custard Pie*, or the *Higher Calculus of Stewed Terrapin*, while the other girls were treading the giddy mazes of the dance, with hair parted in the middle young men. At last, all unexpected, the day of her reward would come. Her snobbish employer would succeed in inducing a member of the fastidious Upper Ten to dine at her table. The F. U. T. would come as one goes to a dentist, expecting to just be able to stand the infliction, and no more; would be surprised to find the dinner a gastronomic poem—a dietetic symphony, a digestive delight.

Then the climax would hurry on, with the "lady of the house," wickedly and mendaciously claiming to have cooked the dinner herself; her falsehood is laid bare by the employment of the keenest-eyed detectives that money can hire; the real author of the epigastric triumph is led blushing from the ill plumbed kitchen, in which her genius has struggled with no-handled pots and cheap groceries, to a marble-paved salon furnished with all the modern appliances, and butter and sugar bought by the hogshead. She is given a bigger salary than a college president, has a troop of servants to wait upon her, her name appears in all the "sassiety" papers; her hand is sought by whole battalions of nice young men, eager for a first-class support. She has a wedding *trousseau* consisting of—but we will not go into details. Any woman's imagination will supply the remainder.

This gives a mere hint of the importance to the women of America of this step of Mrs. Vanderbilt.

A COMPARISON.

In 1862 Gen. Butler was placed in command of New Orleans, then recently captured. It had long borne the name of being the most disorderly City in the Nation. Originally almost a penal settlement for France and Spain—a place to which was deported the male and female population of French and Spanish prisons, its citizenship had been recruited from all the turbulent elements that had infested the shores of the Gulf in the gold-seeking, buccaneering period of the end of the 18th and beginning of the 19th centuries. They had violently resisted incorporation into the Union, and were fanatically determined to go out when the South seceded, and when the City—the first to be captured in the war—yielded to Farragut's guns, the insolence of the people was measureless. The measures which Gen. Butler introduced to reduce the City to peaceful obedience were tender mercies compared with the provision of the Home Secretary's bill for the government of Ireland. His extremest measures were the hanging of an especially rascally gambler named Mumford, for tearing down the American flag, and the issuance of an order directing that women who spat in the faces of our soldiers, and otherwise insulted them by unwomanly words and gestures, should "be regarded and treated as women of the town plying their vocations." No more salutary and righteous order than the latter was issued during the War. Yet the howl that went up from the English papers was ear-splitting. Butler was compared to Alva, to Haynau, the infamous butcher of Hungary, and to every other brutal military ruler in history. They frothed at the mouth, while they called on the British and French Governments to interfere "in the name of humanity, of of civilization, of the rights of manhood and womanhood," and with armies and ships of war, if need be, wrest the control of this prostrate City from its brutal oppressor. Bombastic Jeff. Davis issued a proclamation outlawing Butler, and quite a number of the English landlords who are now hounding the Government on to devastate Ireland, joined in offering a reward for the "Beast's" head. What a difference it makes whose ox is gored!

"NASBY IN EXILE."

This magnificent volume, a record of Nasby's travels in Europe, now being published by the Locke Publishing Co., of Toledo, O., and Boston, Mass., will be completed and ready for delivery in about six weeks. We venture to say that never before was so fine a book published for the money. It is most extravagant in illustrations, quality of paper, and binding. The designing and making of engravings alone, (of which there are more *three hundred*) cost over *six thousand dollars!* It is the most handsomest book of this century for the price, and being at once serious, humorous, instructive, entertaining and truthful, it will supersede all other works of this class heretofore published. Agents wanted.

Gen. James A. Beaver, the Republican candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania, is a descendant of a Pennsylvania Dutch family, and was born at Millerstown, in Perry County, in the year 1837. His father having died when he was very young, the son was educated under the supervision of his grandfather, and early in life showed military and intellectual talents of a high order. After having received a good common school education, the grandfather being a man of considerable means, young Beaver was sent to Jefferson College, at Canonsburg, from which institution he graduated with honors in his 19th year. He went out as a Lieutenant in the Second Pennsylvania Infantry; was then promoted to Lieutenant Colonel of the Forty-Fifth Pennsylvania, and next to Colonel of the One Hundred and Forty-Eight Pennsylvania. He was shot through the body at Chancellorsville, wounded in the hip at Cold Harbor, had his left side lacerated by a shell at Petersburg, and lost a leg at Ream's Station, where he commanded a brigade. He is a successful lawyer, popular as a man and a speaker, is commander of the Second Brigade Pennsylvania National Guard, Trustee of the Washington and Jefferson College, and of the Lincoln University for negros, President of the Young Men's Christian Association and a most radical Republican. His nomination is very satisfactory to the Pennsylvania Republicans. "It is only necessary," said Sen. Boggs, of Cambria County, recently "to have our candidate photographed, with his crippled leg and crutches, and put a photograph in each school house, with his war record pasted on it, to get the unanimous vote of the people."

The mechanism of Nature has not yet been approached in intricacy and delicacy by the most vaunted inventions of man. The walking of a fly on a pane of glass looks quite simple, and most people believe it wholly unnecessary. Yet it involves a host of mechanical appliances and movements before which our most sanguine inventors would recoil in despair if asked to reproduce. The feat is thus described:

On a rough surface the insect appears to use its claws only; on glass, or on a ceiling, three processes are brought into action—first, the "almost infinite" number of hairs are pressed down on the smooth surface; a peculiar movement of the bristles then expels all the air from between or beneath the hair-like cushion; lastly, a fluid is poured out round the base of the entire hair pad, and the expelled air is thus prevented from entering. A vacuum is in this manner secured and maintained so long as may be necessary. When the fly wishes to move, the flap, firmly pressed down on the glass, must be first raised, and this is accomplished by the hooked claws, which lift up the thin edges of the hair-pad, and thus let in the air and destroy the vacuum. The movement of the claws in this process is very peculiar. Some notion of it may thus be gained: Let a reader suppose that a sucker is fixed to the tip of his little finger, and that this sucker becomes fastened to a table by atmospheric pressure; let him also imagine the tip of his thumb to be armed with a number of fine hooks. He will be able to lift the edges of the little finger sucked by these thumb hooks, and thus the air will be admitted under the sucker. Somewhat after this fashion does the fly loosen its foot from a surface of glass.

A shrewd, money-making man has noticed that a long felt want of New York society is brains and gentlemanliness. He proposes to fill his pockets by filling it, and this is his business circular, distributed freely where it is thought it will do good:

New York, May, 1882.

Families who are about giving receptions, dinner parties, or other entertainments, will be gratified to know that persons, who will assist in making these events pleasant and enjoyable, can be obtained through the medium of The *Circular* Employment Bureau. These persons will not be professionals, but parties of culture and refinement, who will appear well, dress elegantly and mingle with the guests, while able and willing to play, sing, converse fluently, tell a good story, give a recitation, or anything that will help to make an evening pass quickly and pleasantly. These persons will also be sent to Summer resorts if desired.

The *Circular* Employment Bureau does not claim originality in this plan, but simply complies with the increasing demands of a large class of its patrons, in thus introducing a feature of the business that has long been practiced in the large Cities of Europe. The attendance of such persons, young or old, male or female, can be had for the sum of $10 per evening each. We will guarantee them to be strictly honest and desirable persons.

"Falling Water" has a very pretty and poetical sound, for it is associated with gentle brooks murmuring by banks clad with odorous fens, and nodding violets, and romantic cascades, flinging watery diamonds on lichen-covered rocks, and clumps of evergreen laurel. It has also an opulent and utilitarian sound, when connected with dams and mill-wheels and busy spindles. But when it comes in the shape of 24 hours rain a day, for seven days in the week, just at the time when farmers are anxious to get their corn into the ground, young ladies eager to show their Spring millinery, and dry goods people burningly impatient to work off large stocks of seasonable goods, then falling water becomes a disgusting bore.

Edwin Booth has made a fine change in the player scene in *Hamlet*, in making the reading the "innobled Queen," instead of "mobled Queen," which has puzzled scholars so much. In addition to the reading being consonant with *Hamlet's* feelings concerning his mother's degradation, and consequently one which would be suggested by common sense, it is said to have the warrant of the great folio of 1625, which was prepared by Shakespere's friends and fellow-players—Heminge and Cardell. There it is spelt "inobled."

The latest French joke, strange to say, does not bear upon a violation of the Seventh Commandment. Two politicians are discussing:

"So you are still fixed in your aspirations toward the triumph of Republicanism?"

"Ay, I am! I stand here for compulsory education, the obligatory ballot—in fact, for the regime of complete and absolute liberty."

Pat. Crowe, of Peoria, would like to be the Guiteau of Ireland, minus the punishment that that despicable creature is about to receive. Crowe—4,000 miles away from Ireland, and safe under the American flag, talks very glibly about "removing" enemies of Ireland. He is as contemptible a rascal as O'Donovan Rossa.

Any person, male or female, can secure honest employment by addressing the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O. One dollar will purchase an agent's outfit for canvassing "Nasby in Exile," from which an income of $5.00 per day can be derived.

Henricks is careful to say that he is "out of politics." He reminds one of those topers who "swear off until the next time."

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Bank Examiner's report of the condition of the defunct Buffalo bank says that the President, R. P. Lee, had been guilty of systematic embezzlement in loaning the funds of the bank to personal friends, without security.——Four inches of snow fell at Washington, Ia., Saturday.——The Senate Woman Suffrage Committee agreed to report a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution giving women the right to vote.——Ferris, the California claimant to the Tichborne estate, will visit Paris soon. His attorney says the chain of evidence establishing his identity is very strong.——Sen. Mitchell, of Pennsylvania, has given notice that he will oppose the Republican ticket nominated at Harrisburg.——Gen. Chalmers, ousted to give place to Rep. Lynch, announces that he will be an independent candidate for Congress in Mississippi.——The President appointed Maj. G. J. Lydecker Engineer Commissioner of the District of Columbia, in place of the late Maj. Twining.——The Republican State Convention of Illinois will be held at Springfield, June 28.——A water-spout bur

Correspondence.

NEW YORK LETTER.

Cold Weather—Communist Blatherskites—Strong Electricity—A Wife for Satan—Twenty Years in Court—Oscar Wilde—Trying to Jump From the Bridge—Shall Women Vote—Anniversaries—Various Items.

Correspondence Toledo Blade.

NEW YORK, May 13, 1882.

The weather for the past three days has been of the February pattern, and everybody has been miserable. Nearly three days of a northeast storm is rather too much of a good thing. Flowers have shut up shop, and May leaves have postponed their first appearance. At Long Branch and all down the Jersey Coast, the storm last night was severe; the sea pouring over the low banks in torrents. Yesterday afternoon the mercury stood at 91°; yesterday its highest was 47°.

THE ASSASSINATIONS.

As was to be expected there came to the anti-assassination meeting of Irishmen last night some of the would-be murderers of they had the courage such as O'Donovan Rossa, the boss fraud of his race. Other unknown Communists came with him, but they could not seriously disturb the meeting. Let these pestilent and and cowardly braggarts understand that we have been enough of assassinations for the remainder of the century. If Rossa and other patriots could be made to do about 15 years in State prison, and society would be more quiet and respectable people well satisfied.

BOTTLED LIGHTNING.

The steamship "Labrador" has just brought over more electric wonders. I cannot spare space to describe in detail; but in brief she has aboard a vast stock of electricity stored away in boxes, which can be used as desired. This stored electricity lighted the ship well on her voyage; in Europe it has been used on street cars; and its application would seem to be without limit. It does away with the expense attached to the present style of electric lights—where to keep a single light burning there must be power enough to run a hundred. Already a bargain has been made with John Stephenson, the veteran car builder, to make cars to be run by stored electricity, and M. Faure, the inventor, is well enough to think within a year there may be 1,000 motives running at 200 miles an hour by the same force. What was done on the "Labrador" was, in brief, this: The vessel left Havre April 30. Fifty batteries of stored electricity were placed in the engine room and were used in supplying the light aboard the steamer. Upon the arrival of the steamer yesterday it was found that less than 500 out of 10,000 quantities called amperes had been used, leaving the balance in good condition for future purposes. There were eight lamps kept continually lighted, six of "eight-candle" power, one of six and one of 50-candle light. The lamps used were those of the Edison, Maxim and Swan lamps, the first-named emitting the brightest light, and seemingly the most preferable. The steady, soft white light of the Edison incandescent carbon threads in the little sealed glass lamps—these tiny horseshoes burning but not consumed—were approved and greatly admired by all aboard the vessel. To read by them was a pleasure, and to write by them as nearly delightful as writing aboard ship can be. The smallest newspaper print could be easily read, and the beauty of the light was its unvarying steadiness and brilliancy. None gave a less brilliant light than the other, and any single one could be put out without the others being affected. The experiment proved to all on board the possibility of satisfactorily lighting in every compartment a steamship by electricity.

WHAT A SMART WIFE CAN DO.

Everybody is interested in a case now before Judge Larrimore, in which a Mrs. Rahl sues her husband for a separate maintenance, on the ground of abandonment. The husband seems to have been a perfect nonresistant, and she bullyzed him to her heart's content. She admits that he gave her $25 out of his weekly salary of $35, on which to keep house but complains that she had to pay a dollar and a half per week to keep him in whisky and liquors. Rahl swore that it was the habit of his wife to lock up his clothing or to lock the doors of their apartments to prevent him from going out at night or on holidays. He drew a rueful picture of himself sitting at the window one New Year's day looking at young men going merrily to make calls. On that occasion he remarked that it was hard for him to have to stay at home when other men were enjoying themselves, whereupon she asked if her company was not good enough for him and spitefully kicked him. At another time, when he had determined, upon advice, to act indifferently toward her, she overcame his indifference by striking him and causing him to flee. At another time, he said, she followed up a blow and afterwards bruised him into submission with a back part of her head. These were the motives of his abandonment of her. The case is still on, and Mrs. Rahl is becoming a hero, or a shero, as the case may be.

ALMOST A JAUNDYCE CASE.

Cyrus H. McCormick, the reaper millionaire, has had a case in the New York Courts for 30 years, and it is a lively case yet. As it is so difficult of settlement, I may as well state what it is. In 1863 Mr. McCormick went to the depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad, in Philadelphia, to take a train for Chicago. He had a large quantity of valuable baggage with him, and before purchasing his ticket he went to see that the baggage was properly cared for. He was told that he would have to get his ticket before his baggage could be put upon the train. Having got his ticket he returned to the baggage car and found that his property had been put on the train. He was then called upon to pay $8.25 for extra baggage, which he refused to pay, and demanded the return of his property, saying he would not go by the Pennsylvania Railroad. As the train was about to start his property could not be taken off, and it was carried through to Chicago, where it was destroyed in a fire which consumed the railroad depot. He sued the railroad company for damages, and in 1870 obtained in the Supreme Court, Circuit, a verdict for $10,000. The case was carried to the Court of Appeals, and the judgment was there reversed. The case came on for second trial in 1877, and Judge Donohue then directed a verdict for McCormick. The judgment entered upon this verdict was reversed by the Court of Appeals. A verdict of six cents damages was directed by Judge Daniels on the third trial, but the fourth trial, which took place before Judge Barrett and a jury, in the Supreme Court, Circuit, was settled on Thursday, with a verdict for $13,218.51 damages. Now the long-contested case will go again to the Court of Appeals.

IN THE LANE, LIMP LILY.

Oscar Wilde has given us his opinion of us in a prosy lecture—the last, it is to be hoped, which he will inflict upon us. He stood before a thin audience and told them that the cultivated men he had seen in America were minors, one could not help observing the style of dress worn by the feeble Oscar himself. He was dressed in a suit of black velvet, with the knee-breeches that have lately become familiar, long black stockings, pumps with silver buckles, a drab kid glove on the left hand, lace ruffles at the wrist, and a lace ruff around the neck, expanding in front into a little cataract of lace, that occupied the position usually belonging to a shirt front. A black silk watch guard hung gracefully from the fob, and at the end of it dangled a seal that had all the appearance of being gold. Mr. Wilde's hair hung in graceful hanks over his neck and shoulders, and so concealed his ears that it was impossible to discover whether he wore ear-rings or not. Certainly that is not a costume like the one of a rocky Mountain miner, and not much like a fit costume for any sort of labor or business. But then, Oscar has had no more influence here than would any other rara avis rigged in eccentric garb.

SAM PATCH REVIVED.

Forty years ago Sam Patch made money and fame by leaping down Niagara Falls and Genesee Falls at Rochester, where he leaped into his grave. A few days ago a donkey named Donaldson gave out that he would leap from the Brooklyn bridge into the river. The large colt ran gently down with him by the ear and let him away, much to the disgust of the few who went forth to see the sight.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

The collapse of this movement at Albany, and the reason therefor, put the matter in a new light. It is said by the Attorney General that suffrage is not an inherent right, but a privilege granted to certain persons, and now restricted to such persons; that the only way to admit women to vote is to amend the Constitution to that effect. The opinion is gaining ground that the qualifications for suffrage as well as laws relating to marriage, should be made by the General Government, if for no other reasons so as to produce uniformity throughout the Nation.

ANNIVERSARY SEASON.

The early part of May 40 years ago was a lively season in this City. It was anniversary times and two or three score of great Societies sent delegates here to their yearly meetings. Then we had the Abolitionists, and as a general rule we mobbed them; but somehow the more we put down upon them the more they grew. Their work is done. Let us hope they have their reward. This year we have few anniversary meetings, among them the American Home Missionary, the American Tract and the Female Guardian Societies—all flourishing.

LITTLE THINGS.

The contest over the will of that crazy woman, Sarah Burr, have shown the legal side of the question strongly. Eleven second cousins of the deceased are the contestants, and the defendants are 45 institutions to which she made bequests. More than a hundred lawyers are in the case.

The anniversary dinner by the Herald Club, which should have been given on the 6th inst., the 47th anniversary of the founding of the paper, was all ready to be served when the news of Jerome Collins' death was received. The dinner was abandoned. Collins was once President of the Club.

One day's arrival of immigrants foots up 6,376, in seven vessels.

Parke Godwin is going to put up a 10-story office building on the *Evening Post* property on Liberty street, and call it the "Bryant," after the poet, his father in-law.

De Voe, the prophet who prophesied a warm spell on the 12th of May, is De Voeing attention to early cabbages.

The Democrats in the Legislature are trying their best to make the sale of liquor practically free. They know on which side the party's bread is buttered.

The Custom line shows a revenue last year of $5,010,130, and expenses $2,536,800; after all charges a balance o $246,000.

Among 400 lunatics taken in charge in this City since January 1, are some queer cases. John Phalin, a carpenter, believed that he had been dead and resurrected, and continually clamored to be replaced in his grave. George Kraft, a German weaver, maintained that he was a son of A. T. Stewart. James H. Green a Canadian actor, was possessed of a monomania that led him to hide his face when he passed any one in the street. David Hierley, a Staffordshire pottery maker, believed that the English Government had attached telephones to him and listened to his conversations. Ludwig Soltan, a German musician, thought his violin was a Stradivarius, worth $10,000. Stephen O'Neill, a laborer, believed he owned Washington Market, and Ludwig Seibert, a chemist, sought to kill himself to escape persecution by Bismarck. Charles Franks, the junior member of a Broadway silk warehouse, had become insane through believing that Mary Anderson was in love with him.

A regular hawk from the forest regions was seen in Grammercy Park the other day. He was inspecting Uncle Sam Tilden's unfinished d micile.

Certain Roman Catholic Societies on Long Island propose to make war upon the habit of profanity now so common among young men. The new code, I understand, will authorize the summary arrest of any person heard using profane language in public. But where shall we find jails to hold the crowds?

Princess is only a cow, but she may well be proud other value. She is a native of the Isle of Jersey, and brought $4,800 at American Institute sale—the highest price ever given for an animal of Jersey blood.

Arrangements are now being perfected by the Medico-legal Society for obtaining the body of Charles J. Guiteau after his execution, for the purpose of a post-mortem examination. After this examination the remains are to be returned to his friends for burial.

Dr. Bevan, who is about to leave us, made a Parthian arrow in the remark that newspaper reporters need praying for more than any other class of people. The Doctor is about right.

ZENO.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

Delay in Acting on the Contested Seats—The Tariff Commission—The Chinese Bill Signed—Liberal Appropriations — Another Cabinet Officer — Fitz John Porter — New Executive Mansion — Guiteau — Washington Sensations — The Brewers—Sen. Mitchell—Education —Another Bourbon to go.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

WASHINGTON May 12, 1882.

The country is impatient at the delay in acting on the cases of contest. But the narrowness of the Republican majority and the threatening attitude of the Democracy are regarded as calling for prudence and moderation. To this end Republicans in all parts were made to bring the Democratic members into an agreement that they would resort to extraordinary measures to defeat the removal of the sitting member; but the Northern Democrats generally refused to be a party to the proceeding. The dismissal of so many Bourbons is, however, felt to be a serious loss of power, and great efforts are making to bring the unwilling members up to the point of united resistance. No question is made about the right or wrong involved, but the point is urged that the party cannot afford to lose so many members as have been reported against, while the Republicans, triumphing in their gains, will be able to strengthen themselves for the future and perpetuate their power. It is not believed that these arguments will prevail, but the critical situation is understood to call for caution and affords an apology for delay.

You will notice that the Tariff Commission bill had strong majorities in both Houses. In the Senate the vote was 35 to 19, and in the House 151 to 85—the proportion being almost exactly the same. It is a measure which is almost universally regarded as favoring the idea of Protection, and hence the opposition of the Free Traders. But that the amount of the tariff is a very large question, and the great majority of Congressmen are as ignorant of it as they are of the open sea at the North Pole; and if a Commission can be constituted sufficiently free from prejudice to act impartially on the facts which will come before it, a great service may be rendered to the country. But what is to be feared is that politicians, with long cherished views and rooted prejudices, will constitute the majority of the Commission, and will be more anxious to sustain theories than to look after the prosperity of the country. After all, Congress is charged with the duty of making laws, and the work of the Commission, whatever it may be, must come under the review of that body. The facts are to be gathered, and the report made, to anticipate the meeting of Congress in December.

The Chinese bill, contrary to my expectation, has been signed by the President and is now the law of the land. It is stated that while the bill was passed, was not satisfactory to the President, his chief objection to it was the length of the exclusion, and that having been shortened, his minor objections were waived on the ground that it was not the province of the Executive to dictate the power of legislation.

The tendency of this Congress is towards liberal appropriations, and there are multitudes of projects which find favor that have had little chance in past years. It is announced, for instance, that the Legislative Appropriation bill, which has been or is about to be reported, will cover recommendations to the amount of 20 millions or more. The increase in the Pension Office is about a million and it is also large in the Land Office and in the Interior.

In the same line is the legislation for changing the Agricultural Bureau into a Department and giving its head a seat in the Cabinet. This is a boon to the farmers and is intended to give dignity and consideration to the great interest of agriculture. The country will probably be pleased with the change, even at the expense of some increase in the appropriations. The bill passed the House on Saturday 178 to 7.

The pardon of Fitz John Porter has been expected since the change of front by Gen. Grant and others in regard to his case. The matter now goes to Congress and a bill has already been presented for restoring him to his place in the army and then retiring him. This does not carry with it the recovery of his pay, but it gives him his pay from the time of his restoration. What fate will be in Congress is not foreshadowed.

Two bills are before Congress in reference to a new Executive Mansion. One of them proposes to build a new house in another location to be selected by a Commission; the other proposes to build an addition to the present House, in front of it, and separated from it, but connected by a corridor. The last-mentioned bill appropriates $500,000, and the former $1,000,000, for the purpose. A new house is not a very pressing want, but it is generally felt that the present building is so inferior to the other public buildings as to be a reflection on the greatness and power of the government. The present location is not regarded as healthy, but if the Potomac flats are filled, as contemplated this objection will be removed.

The Guiteau tribe, with the arguments for a new trial, the publication of the assassin's book, the attempts to make money out of the affair by the lecturing of Scoville and his wife and the sale of Guiteau's body, his autographs and old clothes, together with the infidelities of Scoville and his wife, is producing a nauseating effect on the public which, it is to be hoped will be ended with the final drop in June.

Washington is having rather more than the usual run of interests just now. We have had the funeral of an army officer who was also District Commissioner (Twining) and of a Rear Admiral (Rogers) with military processions; also the great tea party in the Rotunda of the Capitol managed by our best society and held in the interest of the Garfield Hospital; also the great Convention of Brewers which adjourned yesterday. Then there was the mishap to the Presidential party which got stuck in the mud while pleasuring on the Potomac in Bennett's yacht and the General Conference of the colored Methodists; and next week we are to have a meeting of the American Society of Engineers.

The Brewers passed resolutions adverse to all prohibition movements, and pledged themselves to combine against any political action likely to cripple the general freedom in the matter of drink.

Sen. Mitchell, who has been for some time restive under the large influence exerted by Sen. Cameron, has publicly announced his determination not to support the regular Republican ticket just nominated in his State, and the expectation is that he will favor a bolt in the party and the nomination of a distinctly independent ticket.

The new ardor for education which has seized on Congress since the death of Slavery finds expression in a bill which was reported Saturday from the Educational Committee. It provides for an annual appropriation of 10 millions for five years; $50,000,000 to be apportioned among the States in behalf of free education according to the number of illiterate persons of a given age. Such a bill would have a strong claim on the country if there was not already a large sum belonging to the Treasury on deposit with the States. In 1836 or 7 the surplus revenue then in the Treasury, (the exact amount not remembered) was loaned to the States without interest and is still held by them. This sum belongs to the United States and ought to be recalled and redistributed for educational purposes. When it was distributed the South was wedded to Slavery and did not want education, but now it would help to supply a very imperious want.

The contestant in the Eighth District of Alabama had a report in his favor yesterday with only two members of this Committee against him. But what is the use of favorable reports if no action is to follow? The country is exceedingly restive under the long delay. BUCKEYE.

LETTER FROM BOSTON.

The Women's Educational and Industrial Union—Reminiscence of Charlotte Cushman — Japanese Decorations — Figured Dimity — Parasols, etc.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

BOSTON, May 13.

Five years since about 40 ladies met together and discussed a plan for forming an organization which should reach forth in every direction to aid, strengthen and elevate women by drawing them into a bond of unity. After several meetings, the society was, early in the Summer, organized, under the name of "The Women's Educational and Industrial Union." It now numbers almost 900 members and evenraces departments and committees to meet every need, physical, intellectual or spiritual of those women who may go to it for aid.

The woman who comes to the city alone, friendless and lonely from any of the four quarters of the globe, feeling that she is a stranger in a strange land, will find placards set in the depot in which she finds herself, an invitation to visit the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union, No. 157, Tremont street. If she accepts the invitation, she will find there a pleasant room and pleasant people to welcome her. She will find ladies ever ready to give any desired information, be it in reference to sight-seeing, libraries, theaters, good boarding places, or, if needs be, find employment for her. One end of the room is occupied by book-cases, brackets and tables, with good books, magazines and the journals of the day, where he can sit quietly and read and rest, as if she were in her own home. Another portion of the room is devoted to the industrial department. In this is shown various articles for sale—such as underclothing, aprons, breakfast-caps, ties, cushions, mats, children's garments, in fact, all articles made by women.

In the educational department the subjects embrace a broad scope. Lessons are given in French, German, Latin, drawings, oil painting, embroidery, English literature, elocution, and dressmaking, at the lowest possible prices, and free to those who are unable to pay for them.

During the long evenings of the Winter and Spring months, one evening in each week is devoted to social gatherings. The first part of the evening is devoted to musical entertaining, and the remainder to conversation, games, etc. Sometimes dramatic and musical entertainments are given.

Courses of lectures are given, among which is one on physical culture, is being deemed necessary that the physical nature should be attended to in order to develop the intellectual and moral. Several of the most prominent of the lady physicians of the City take charge of this department, and some one of them can be found daily in attendance.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

Among the interesting reminiscences of Charlotte Cushman is an account of the manner in which she obtained her first engagement in London. On her first introduction to Maddox, the manager of the Princess Theater, in 1845, Miss Cushman's personal gifts did not strike him as exactly those which go to make up a stage heroine, and he declined to engage her. She went to Paris, but failing to make an engagement there, returned to England, and as it was almost a matter of life and death with her, presented herself again before the manager of the Princess, but he again declined her services. She rose to depart, but as she reached the door she exclaimed, "I know I have enemies in this country; but" throwing herself proudly on her knees her clenched hands raised "so help me, I'll defeat them!" The energy and manner in which she repeated these words struck the manager so favorably that he immediately engaged her. Her first appearance was in the character of "Bianca," and her success was wonderful; the London papers spoke of her with enthusiasm saying, "America has more than repaid us for enticing away from us many of our best actors by giving us the greatest of actresses, for Miss Cushman is without exception the very first actress that we have."

JAPANESE DECORATIONS.

In addition to the Japanese and Chinese fans and umbrellas, without which no lady's boudoir is now considered complete, are found Japanese books and brilliantly-illuminated panoramas. The books are upon various subjects; the picture books have a great variety of designs which are, besides their interest as a curiosity, very useful to these persons who wish to make fancy articles of Japanese style.

The Japanese parlor of a well known store in Boston furnishes subjects of great interest to all who visit it. The walls are covered with Japanese paper which can be used for a dado, or frieze as well as for screens. It comes in so great a variety of patterns that every taste can be suited. There are also panels of every size and designs for the walls. Japanese gold and silver embroidery on satin are found in various designs and can be used for every conceivable purpose. Small paintings on transparent silk designed for transoms, windows and door panels are among the novelties.

Figured dimity for furniture slips is much used and is a great deal prettier than many of the expensive goods which it covers; its patterns, half French and half Japanese in pink and blue are pleasing. It is also used for curtains and covers for dressing tables.

PARASOLS.

Parasols richly embroidered with gay linings and very fanciful stocks are sold for $40, and find many willing customers.

RHODY.

THE MITCHELL RAIDERS.

What is Being Done with Ther Pension Bill.

WASHINGTON, May 3, 1882.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

The interest you have taken in behalf of the "Mitchell Raiders" induces me to send you the enclosed "report" and a brief statement of the present status of the case.

The bill passed the House at an evening session when there was no quorum present, and, therefore, without being amended to date from date of discharge, as its friends wished, but which they dare not ask for because the cry of 'no quorum' would prevent all action. The committees have a rule that they will not report in favor of arrears in any case, and they refused to date this bill back, notwithstanding numerous efforts have been made to get before Congress with this matter. Ex. Doc. No. 74—40th Congress second session, shows a letter from one of these men asking for relief for himself and comrades in which he says among other things. "The long imprisonment, exposure and cruelty with which we were treated while in the hands of the enemy has so impaired my health and mind that I am in no condition to earn a livelihood for myself." "I have a wife and three small children dependent upon me for support, and have no home or means of caring for them." * * * We believe that our past sufferings and hardships justly entitle us to the consideration of our country."

This letter was dated December, 1867, addressed to Gen. Grant, Secretary of War ad-interim, and referred by him to Hon. J. Holt, Judge Advocate General, who commended it to the favorable consideration of Congress. In his note accompanying the letter Judge Holt says: "No doubt is entertained of the entire truthfulness of the within statement."

The sequel in this case is too painful to relate. Briefly stated, it is this: No relief, insanity, insane asylums, further insanity after being discharged as cured, and ultimate suicide.

In 1876, the survivors asked for relief by presenting a memorial to an M. C. of Ohio, but never heard from it. Numerous letters have been written to Senators and Members asking that they do something for these men, and now after one of their number making the third trip to Washington in this behalf, they are before Congress.

Col. O. F. Moore, of Portsmouth, O., says $20 per month from the date of discharge "is entirely too meager," and on learning that there was a disposition to not date back, he says, "It is a disgrace that they will not do more for you. Early in January, Senators and Members of Congress were informed that in several of these cases immediate relief was very much needed. It is well-known, too, that in most of these cases and in all to a greater or less extent, the mental disability resulting from the long-continued mental strain to which these men were subjected, coupled with the physical disabilities, makes this one of the strongest claims ever presented to Congress, saying nothing of the extraordinary service on which they were sent. Will this appeal go unheeded? Yours, Truly,

D. A. DORSEY.

P. S.—I learn from letters received from the daughter of Brown, the engineer, and the wife of Hawkins, of this party, that they are both down sick. Brown lives near Perrysburg, Wood Co., O, Hawkins in Topeka, Kan. Others are in need also—all have families and have been paying taxes all these years to give large pensions to others who never rendered the same amount of service, or sustained the same injuries, suffered one-tenth of what they have done. This has gone "against the grain," and now are we to be put off with a pittance? It is really accorded to others. D. A. D.

Petting the High Officers.

To the Editor of the Blade.

For one I had thought all along, that the good sense of a majority of Congress could be depended on to set down on all the obnoxious schemes that have been put forward from time to time for the purpose of making places for pets and enriching a lot of sharks at the expense of the public. But when a majority of a Congressional Committee bring in a report that recommends the schemes of the would-be plunderers, it is time for the people to enter their indignant protest, and to make every member of either house (who gives these jobs his support for retirement to private life with no annuity, except the odium that should attach to all public plunderers) feel the first pinch in the matter of retiring a lot of officials with a high rank to which a big salary is attached (said salary to be a mortgage on the Nation's revenue during the sinecure's natural life,) is entirely too much like creating a titled nobility, and is foreign to the spirit of our free institutions. Suppose the fortunes of war or of politics have placed some men in high positions of trust or authority, have they not received what was promised them? A compensation entirely out of proportion to that received by men in lower, but no less arduous positions. Can it be possible that Grant, Barnes, Averill & Co. have not been sufficiently remunerated for their services? If they have not, how about the high privates and minor officers? Who ever heard of a bill before Congress to retire an aged and infirm high private on full pay for the rest of his natural life? Unless he can make it appear that he has been disabled in the line of duty, or his health in some way impaired, there is no provision for him. He is supposed to have laid by enough of his munificent salary to be beyond the reach of want in his declining years.

In the second place, is it any wonder that the President died? Only think of $5,000 worth of medical and surgical ability being expended on one man in the short space of three months! No wonder the assassin he was doctored to death. During the President's illness the public were led to believe that he was surrounded by a company of sympathetic, self denying surgeons, physicians and nurses, who were only too anxious to manifest their sympathy in acts. Now we have the amazing spectacle of a host of cormorants demanding ten fold remuneration for everything done, or claimed to be done. Well might the President prayed to be delivered from his friends had he known their true motives. What claim have these men that Congress is bound to respect? If any, let me ask where are the surgeons of the late war, who many of them have been stand at their dressing tables and carve wounded soldiers until the strength was exhausted; have seen them in hospitals dressing and re-dressing hideous wounds month after month and year after year! Where are the faithful nurses that stood at their posts while disease and death held high carnival all around. These men were ministering to the stricken servants of the Nation, no less than Garfield, Barnes & Co. What would be thought of a proposition to pay these men $5,000 to $20,000 each, and hospital steward's and nurses $1,000 to $5,000 each? Or to raise them all to a high official rank and then retire them on full pay. Such a proposition would be thought preposterous. Yet it would have equal claims with the one in question. We are yet feeling the burden of heavy taxes, and while the Nation's revenue is judiciously expended the people will find no fault, but they have a right to demand that the public funds shall not be wasted on sycophants, heros or costly precedents.

K.

PARNELL

Holds the Fenians Responsible for the Assassination.

PARIS, May 15.—La France publishes an account of an interview with its London correspondent, held with Mr. Parnell before the new repression act was introduced. In this interview Mr. Parnell distinctly implicated the assassination of Cavendish and Burke to the Fenians. "However, the responsibility," he is reported to have said textually, "must not be attributed to the whole association. It has numerous branches, possessing great independence. It may be, indeed I am inclined to believe it is, one of these branches composed of fanatics, which prepared and carried out assassination." Further on, Mr. Parnell makes the astonishing statement that since the adoption of a conciliatory policy by the Government, "the Land League has withdrawn the 'no rent' manifesto, but have not thought it necessary to make public the fact by a new manifesto. We have simply sent word round to our friends." He says "that the *mot d'ordre* has been changed. Moreover, it was being disregarded, many of the farmers were paying rent." Further on he says that he still believes that the English Government are well able to put down force as well as by concession by declaring that he desires the formation of a British confederation with a Supreme Parliament, with local Parliaments for England and Ireland and the other parties to the confederation. This interview has been read, with no little amazement by the Irish Nationalists in Paris.

LONDON, MAY 15.—In the Commons Parnell read a letter he wrote to O'Shea, Home Rule member for County Clare, before his release, and which is to the effect that reforms of land act in regard to arrears of rent, purchase and leases are necessary, and that on completion thereof the Land League would do all possible to suppress outrages in Ireland.

Forster asked that the whole letter be read.

O'Shea then read a paragraph omitted by Parnell, stating if the reforms specified were made, the Land Leaguers might act cordially with the Liberals in support of liberal principles. The reading was received with cheers from the opposition benches.

Mrs. Garfield to Sen. Sherman.

WASHINGTON, May 13.—Sen. Sherman has received the following:

"MY DEAR SIR:—I have received your note with enclosed notice of pension granted me for my husband's sake. I am truly mindful of the generous kindness shown the family of Gen. Garfield, not only by friends but by the National Legislature, and may I ask that you make acknowledgement of this in whatever way and by whatever appropriate?

"With sentiments of high regard,

"Very truly yours,

"LUCRETIA R. GARFIELD."

Army of the Cumberland.

CHICAGO, May 15.—The Society of the Army of the Cumberland propose a popular contribution on Decoration Day towards the erection in Washington of a statue to the late Pres. Garfield, who was so conspicuous a member of that army. Contributions may be made through the Associated Press papers, or sent directly to Lieut. Gen. Sheridan, Chicago, or H. C. Corbin, Assistant Adjutant General U. S. A., Washington, D. C.

—ON WEDNESDAY, May 31st, the 44th Drawing will occur. Quietly and regularly every month this Company distributes its prizes. Now is the time to invest for the 44th Drawing. Tickets only 2, and may draw a prize ranging from $3,000 down to $10—amounting to $112,400. Remit to R. M. BOARDMAN, Courier-Journal Building, Louisville, Ky.

The yield of wheat and oats in South Carolina and Georgia will be larger than any year since the war.

ENGLAND—IRELAND.

Discussion of the New Coercion Bill —It Is the Work of Forster—Parnell in Paris—Infernal Machine in the Mansion House—More Arrests in Dublin—The Meeting in New York.

DUBLIN, May 12.—Public feeling is that, in the face of the recent improvement, an extreme measure of repression is unjustifiable. Arrests in connection with the assassinations continue. The latest are one Ryan, of Waterford, and a year back from the United States, and James McGrath, at Shrewsbury.

The detective force of Queenstown is increased. Passengers from and for America are closely watched. To-day a passenger was arrested whose movements were suspicious, but he was subsequently released.

Several English detectives have sailed for New York.

Joseph Corvin, arrested at Belfast, is the driver of the car which took the murderers to Phœnix Park. Forest Walker is also under arrest at Belfast.

LONDON, May 12.—In the Commons Dillon, speaking against the repression bill, referred to Saturday's slaughter in Phœnix Park, and said that for the first time Irish annals were stained with such an assassination. No Englishman felt the humiliation more than himself, but he declared that it did not rest on Irish history, but on Forster. If, the Government sent another man to Ireland to carry out a measure similar to that under which Forster acted, such an accursed act would again sully the page of history.

Healy said the bill aimed at giving hanging powers to three judges on any evidence that could be trumped up.

Harcourt, replying to questions, stated the extreme penalty on summary conviction by magistrates would be six months' imprisonment. As to whether the bill would be retrospective, he said any crime committed, and which should be brought to justice, would come under its operation.

Cowen, Radical member for New Castle-on-Tyne, said the bill virtually amounted to one clause placing the lives, liberties and property of the Irish people in the hands of Lord Spencer.

The Fall Mall Gazette, while accepting other parts of the bill, protests against the clauses concerning the rights of search, restriction of the liberty of the press and public meetings and apprehension of nocturnal prowlers. It believes, however, the bill will be passed in much the same form as introduced, and says: "It brings us to the bottom of all that severity can do at first. Its failure will be attributed to too lenient an administration; meanwhile it will be well if the prophecies of Dillon are unfulfilled. Fate seems preparing all that is worst for England and Ireland."

The Freemen's Journal (Dublin) declares the bill one of the most tyrannical enactments of modern times, and it is, perhaps, the fiercest coercion act ever proposed for Ireland. The champions of liberty, since the assassination of Saturday last, have been helpless. Be it their duty to withstand the bill, though they may be defeated.

The Globe prints the following prominently: "The whole provisions of the new Coercion bill were recommended by Forster, previous to his resignation of the Irish Chief Secretaryship."

Naugle stated at Southport the men who offered him the money to assist in the murders were canal boatmen. He described them before the police notice was issued in Ireland, almost in the same terms.

Palmer, a volunteer detective in several important cases, and who writes over the signature "War-hawk," in a communication to the St. James Gazette, says he has reason to know the arrest of the assassins will be facilitated if the Government will give a guarantee not to surrender the informer in the event of his being claimed by Russian or "German police."

It is rumored Harcourt is threatened by the Fenians.

Parnell, Kelly and Davitt have gone to Paris to confer. Treasurer of the League Paris gives out that the split between the heads is in progress between Parnell and the Rossa factions of Irish sympathizers. Fears are entertained among the League members lest Parnell's and Davitt's conciliatory course should alienate the sympathy and cash of the Irish in America.

A canister was found at the Mansion House to-night suspended by a brass hook to the railing in front of the building. Attached to it was a lighted fuse which was extinguished by a policeman. The fuse was made of rag, soaked with paraffine and was inserted in a hole in the box. This box is believed to be full of gunpowder, of which it smells strongly. It is 12 inches long and six in diameter. The police around the Mansion House and other City buildings have been doubled and many reserve policemen are called out for extra duty.

NEW YORK, May 12.—Mayor Grace presided last night at the Irish anti-Assassination meeting in Cooper Union, which was crowded. Anticipating trouble from the O'Donovan Rossa faction, 100 police men were distributed throughout the hall, and Land Leaguers placed so they could assist the officers if necessary. Ross himself sat in the center of the hall, with several policemen near him. Mrs. Parnell, as she appeared on the platform, received a perfect ovation, and as the names of leaders in Ireland were mentioned the building resounded with applause. Mayor Grace said, as Irishmen, they had assembled to express publicly their abhorrence of the crime in Phœnix Park Saturday last, and to condemn whoever conceived the murder. [A voice—'Three cheers for the killing!']

Richard O'Gorman, the patriot of '48, as he arose to speak, was greeted with cries of "Three cheers for the assassin!" The crime, O'Gorman said, was unnatural, and he repudiated the idea that the deadly weapons were wielded by Irish hands. Ireland could not meet England in conflict, and the way to success was through Charles Stewart Parnell and his associates. America does not want war with England, though the American people knew justice had not been done Ireland, and they want the Irish to succeed. If the path laid out was followed, Home Rule would prevail.

Resolutions were adopted declaring assassination was a crime, calling for the strongest condemnation of all friends of Ireland, and that Gladston's promise is shown by the last act of his Government, to be vain and empty, and that his determination to adopt a policy still more coercive than the one he has claimed to abandon is unwise and justifies resort to every legitimate means for frustrating the purposes of English tyranny and securing the realization of self government for Ireland.

PENNSYLVANIA.

The Stalwarts Confident of Beaver's Election by a Large Majority.

PHILADELPHIA, May 12.—Now that the smoke of the Harrisburg Convention has cleared away, the politicians are beginning to weigh the chances. At the Union Republican Club, where all the Stalwarts are to be found, the opinion is expressed that the ticket is the strongest one that Cameron could put in the field. Secretary of the Commonwealth Quay says the ticket will undoubtedly go through in spite of anything the Independents can do. Mr. Elwood Rowan, one of the local solicitors under Cameron, says Beaver can not be beaten, and Boss McManes is emphatic in the same opinion. Ex-Sheriff Leeds and David Lane think the ticket on the whole a strong one, and that it can not be beaten. The Stalwarts affect to believe that the Independent backbone is broken. They point to the fact that the reform resolutions of the recent Independent Stalwart Conference have been adopted as the platform for the campaign, and think the sentiments therein expressed will counteract any special efforts the Independents can make. They do not place any particular significance on the position assumed by Sen. Mitchell and his declaration that the Convention was bossridden, and that he will attend the coming Independent Convention and support a new ticket. They say the people will look upon it as merely a kick on Mitchell's part because he has not been able to deal out patronage. If he were a strong man, one fitted for the leadership, they acknowledge that he might lead a respectable following, and place the result of the election in doubt. But the general opinion of the Stalwarts is that Wolfe, who was the most capable of taking command, has destroyed his usefulness as far as the Independents are concerned, because he has allowed his name to be kicked around the lobbies as a candidate for a place on the Stalwart ticket. Taking all these facts together, the opinions expressed by the Stalwarts to-day are that Beaver cannot fail of election.

PITTSBURG, May 13.—There is no doubt that Thomas M. Marshall will accept the nomination for Congressman-at-Large. He said to-day that, as he would represent the State, it would be almost the same as a Senatorship, and if he accepted and was elected, he intimated that Cameron would be sorry for it when the Senatorial struggle comes in 1885. Marshall's friends are urging him to accept and use the office as a stepping-stone to the Senatorship in 1885. Stalwarts and all shades of Republicans are urging Marshall to accept except a few. Marshall and Maj Brown had a conference to-day, and it is said Brown urged Marshall to accept. Marshall is as adverse in his talk about Cameron as he ever was, and several leading Philadelphia Independents have sent him word that they will support him, and that the Independent Convention will indorse him. The general belief is that Marshall will accept.

THE SCOVILLES.

Mrs. Scoville Says She Would Sooner Starve Than Live With Her Husband Again.

CHICAGO, May 13.—Both Mr. and Mrs. Scoville have been interviewed here. The former says that his wife is undoubtedly insane, and he thinks best to let her have her own way awhile. Mrs. Scoville was asked:

"Why did you leave New York?"

"I was driven to Chicago by my husband, who is certainly insane. He, on the other hand, accuses me of insanity. Nor would it be strange if our recent afflictions made us all mad. Mr. Scoville got out that foolish habeas corpus to get my daughter away from me—the only comfort I have in the world. He treats me like a wild animal, following me from place to place with processes of law; he wrote me a letter through my son Lewis that was so outrageous that Lewis would not let me see it. He tries to force me to abandon the one object of my life, the commutation of my brother's sentence to imprisonment or acquittal, for he is certainly insane. Here is a telegram I received the other day from my brother John: 'Your husband will follow you to Chicago. He is a dangerous man, and should be watched.'" Mrs. Scoville added: "I have come to this public place, where I can come to some understanding with him in the presence of witnesses."

"What will you do?"

"I shall separate myself from him altogether. He can go his way, and I will go mine. I have come to this determination, and nothing can change me. I have made arrangements with a manager to leave Chicago on a lecturing tour this week through the West. I don't care for the money, though I need it bad enough, heaven knows; but I must have my petition for another trial of Guiteau signed by 100,000 names in the next 30 days, and this is my only opportunity."

"Why not settle down in a home once more, and be happy?"

"This can never be. Mr. Scoville is the worst man to live with in the City of Chicago, considering the fact that he never drinks. Our home has never been happy, and I would sooner starve than live with him again. I am able to support myself and child, and shall do it."

"Have you any hope of saving Guiteau from the gallows?"

"Yes, I have. If not, my children are forever disgraced. As it is, my son Lewis has told me that he (Lewis is no relative of a Guiteau, and has forbidden me to call myself his mother."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, and more too, that cannot be told now, but will come up in the divorce suit that shall be commenced if my husband does not leave me alone."

LAWYERS' FEES.

A Suit Brought by an Adopted Daughter to Recover for Services Finally Compromised by the Payment of $21,000.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

LAFAYETTE, Ind., May 13.—The columns of the Enquirer since 1876, have from time to time contained articles concerning the celebrated suit of Mrs. Mary F. Downs vs. the estate of Phillip Ensminger. That case has come to an end, and the Courts will know of it no more forever, perhaps. It was one of no little importance, because of the amount involved and

The Household.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

Home Talks.

I desire to know the opinion of all the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD of a school-teacher who, when he asked a girl nine years old to do an example for another girl, and she told him she came there to learn and not to teach, and that she thought it was his place to do examples for the scholars, made her stand on the floor all out an hour and a half. And the next day when she asked him to do examples for her he sa. "Here comes the girl that wouldn't help me, and I won't help her," and so for several days. I was a witness to this, and I think he did wrong there, because he un. ..ssary of time, for he had time to sit and do nothing almost every day. Reader, what do you think?—XANO XY.

The above letter came to us some time ago, and at about the same date arrived one or two others, all referring to school room government. We studied over them for some time, for they gave such a curious evidence of the tendency to look upon the teacher as the natural enemy of the children, and not a person deserving of any sympathy for the responsibility imposed upon him by his position. There seems to be a sort of jealousy lest he is having too easy a time, a desire to reduce his pride in his profession, a wish to make him feel that he must work his money's worth.

Of course there are teachers and teachers. Some take up the work simply as a means to an end, to tide over to a time when they expect something better. But by far the greater part are earnest, faithful and conscientious, and though, like all other human beings, prone to make mistakes, upon the whole do their duty as well or better than the majority of parents.

So far as the above letter is concerned, the teacher was manifestly at fault, unless he had some good end in view, such as training his scholars to explain to others clearly what they had themselves learned in order to fix the subject matter in their minds. We have known that to be done with great benefit. If his object was simply to save himself trouble, —which I should judge from the writer's statement might have been the case—he was neglecting his duty, ..oing his employers, and cheating.. pupils. Then, too, no child should be compelled to stand for punishme.. an hour and a half. It is simply brutal. A severe whipping is nothing to it. And to add to this a refusal day after day to do what this position made incumbent upon him, was to stamp himself as one utterly unfit to be an instructor of youth.

There may be two sides to this affair, and the teacher be far less to blame than appears from the above statement. Certainly the provocation ought to have been very great for a girl to have answered a teacher's request or command that way. Unless it was, the pupil was intensely impertinent, and we question whether *any* circumstances could make it excusable. To tell the truth, it sounds very much to us like the pert reply of a girl whose self-esteem had been cultivated at the expense of her good sense.

The other letters we pass by because they seem needless complaints against a hard-working class of people who have their faults, but who occupy positions the most important and responsible in the world. They need the constant and earnest sympathy and co-operation of the parents, who should make it their duty to help them in every possible way. But when a teacher proves himself incapable of doing what he has undertaken, no consideration of dollars and cents should prevent his dismissal and the employment of one better fitted for the work in his place, even if higher wages be a necessity.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Fancy Work and House-Decoration.

Fancy Stool.—I would say to "Frankie N.," Maxhala, Perry County, O., for a fancy stool purchase one of Gibbs' ottoman patterns for filling with rags. Draw in wool or rags with a hook that comes with each pattern. After it is all drawn in, clip the loops or just shear the whole top, and then tack it on a square box. These patterns are stamped on burlap in all kind of designs, bouquets of flowers, cats' heads and dogs' heads for ottomans, and the rugs come in all sizes, from ¾ to 2 yards long. They have lions, deers, cats, dogs and flowers stamped on them, with very handsome borders. They are very cheap, can be bought at almost any fancy store, are very pretty when done, and they can be made from rags that will not do for anything else.—MRS. COPY, box 257, Algona, Kossuth Co., Ia.

Gentleman's Scarf.—I would say to "Minnetta" for a scarf I would purchase 12 skeins of brown germantown yarn and 4 of red, 1 cardinal, 1 dark rose color, 1 light rose color, 1 pink. I would crochet it shell stitch and put the colors in the end thus: ¼ skein cardinal, ¼ dark rose color, ¼ light rose color, ¼ pink, ¼ light rose color, ¼ dark rose, ¼ cardinal. This makes a very large scarf and a very handsome one. Eight or 9 skeins will do for a center if you don't care for a large scarf.—FRANK C. JENA.

Pennijer.—Take some navy blue lady's cloth, cut it into a round piece any size desired. Pink around the edge with a pinking iron. Then take a red piece, cut in the same shape only a little, smaller, and keep on making such pieces until you have five or six. Then sew together in the center with the largest one in the bottom. Take some red and blue sewing silk to twist together to make a cord and tassel. Fasten in the center on the top of the last piece, and you will be surprised to see what a pretty pennwiper you have, and so quickly and easily made. I hope this will please you.—E. FIELDING HOWARD.

Pansy Mats and Spatter Work.—Several have called for my address in regard to pansy mats. The same directions were printed since, word for word, by "Vera." I do not see what plainer they can be made. The theory is to crochet a round tidy, gradually widening, till, when done, it is as full round the edge as it is in a ruffle. This fullness is caught back at intervals to represent the pansy flower, which it does very well, the yellow, a few rows back, forming the heart of the flower, the black net and the purple looking like the edge of the flower.

I have also had a number of letters asking for patterns, and making some kind offers for weaving hair guard. All that enclosed stamp were promptly answered, and patterns sent. Those combings are disposed of also, sent in good faith but never heard from since. If never heard from at all will certainly let you know, so that none of you may be "foolshed" the same way. I had the idea (and I don't like to give it up) that the BLADE Household in an honest family. Somebody wanted to know about spatter work, and I held my breath and waited to see if some one would not tell her the right way. Mine is not the scientific one of India ink and such like, but cutting out and ruffling window lambrequins of the wide, thin stuff butter cloths are made of here. I spread it on a table, arrange pressed ferns and maple leaves on it in a border round the edge and wreath in center, then mixed stove polish as for blacking the stove; dipped in tooth brush lightly, held over cloth and drew fine tooth comb over brush with short, quick, downward stroke that sent the black in a fine spray over it. When it was a uniform dark color all over I carefully lifted the ferns and leaves off and there I had white leaves on a dark ground. The darker the cloth is spattered the plainer the leaves will show; but it must not be wet enough to blot or run together. Outline veins on leaves with a lead pencil. Plenty of ferns grow about here; they are pretty made into boquets after they are pressed and will stay straight and nice all Winter.—MRS. ELLA A. HUTCHISON, Greece City, Pa.

Correspondence.

ANOTHER CURE.—Several correspondents are inquiring for a cure for dyspepsia. Dyspepsia is produced by different causes, in different individuals. When a young man the writer was seriously troubled with it and cured himself by bathing in cold water. This remedy, however, must be used with great caution by old or weakly persons. The use of much medicine is apt to make bad matters worse. About five years ago one of my daughters was in a bad way with dyspepsia and its attendant troubles. She was put under treatment of a physician a few months, who prescribed bromide of potassium, mostly. Result: She grew worse all the time, and a big bill was presented. Medical treatment was abandoned, and one box of vegetable pills, put up in this country, did more good than all the doctor's stuff. She continued to use them once a week, and is now well. The writer has no interest in the manufacture of these pills.

Tell "Mrs. A," Box 220, Marion, Ind., that East Tennessee can beat the world for good water, and there is plenty of it. We have schools, churches and timber, and all who come are welcome. The writer is not a lady, but can put "Mrs. A" in communication with lady correspondent, if desired.—W. A. SIMPSON, P. M., Stockton, Tenn.

A WORD FOR THE WEST.—In the BLADE dated March 16, J. C. Sleyel told "Farmer's Wife" not to go West now. Mr. Sleyel, with all respect to your knowledge, I think you have given poor reasons for your advice to "Farmer's Wife." I take it for granted you were never in either Oregon or Washington Territory by the way you speak. If not, you have as much idea of that country as you have of your grandfather's wedding with regard to the number of guests that were there, and the variety of their costumes. If you paid any attention to school and geography you would know that Oregon is not in Washington Territory. Oregon is a State with an area of 80,000 square miles and Washington has from 68,000 to 70,000 square miles, so you see where your mistake is. You might as well say that the tail wagged the dog. If you gave "Farmer's Wife" your reasons for not going West I would have nothing to say. She asked for information; you should have given her that or said nothing.

Now, "Farmer's Wife," I have seen every country from the Gulf of Finland to Capetown, South Africa, and I never saw the place where a man can make a living as easy as he can out here, if he works for it. I have been out on this coast for 14 years and $35 a month and board is the lowest wages I ever worked for. The wages now a days is from $35 to $75 according to capabilities. I have sent my address to the BLADE for publication, so send me yours and I will mail you some papers, for I think there is no way to get as much information as you can from the public press. Long may it live, so say I.

"Maggie," I think you are rough on the old baches, but don't let up on them; and if you want help call on me. I can give you some points as I am one of that lucky odd number, as Rory O'Moore said. I fear though it is a case of sour grapes with you. You are mad because they have left you out in the cold so long. Now you need not say there is another old growler, for it is not so. I am on the sunny side of 40 for a few days yet, so when I get too old to take care of myself I will try to get some old angel in long skirts to help me out.—THOS. DONOUGH, Seabeck, Kitsap Co., Washington Territory.

MARRIED LIFE.—Looking over that valuable paper, the BLADE, my attention was attracted by a letter written by one of THE HOUSEHOLD. He says that married life is a failure. That sounds very much like an "Old Bach's" talk. My experience in married life has not been a failure. I have one of the best of husbands, while, on the other hand, I will admit that there are some that are poorly mated and are not suited to each other, and consequently miserable all their lives. Those kind of persons marry frequently for wealth or beauty, and not for love, and find their mistake, alas, too late. Adam found it was not good for man to live alone.

I heard an experienced old lady say that a happy married life is heaven on earth. Take for instance a young man who is starting out in life who is inslined to be wild and reckless. He would probably select bad company and in a very short time go to ruin. Perhaps if he married young the future would be bright and full of hope, and a cheerful companion might have a great deal of influence over him, and they would live happy and enjoy life.

I might say a great deal more on this subject if space would permit. Would be pleased to have other readers of THE HOUSEHOLD express their sentiments on this subject.—DOLLIE, Rossville, Kan.

ANOTHER EXPERIENCE.—It is a long time since I have been out. I come to answer "Unhappy Wife." Oh that I had words to express my feelings. Poor Woman! She is blindly following the path of misery for herself and those she really holds most dear on earth. If I had her address I would have written to her personally.

My dear woman, be careful you do not drive your husband from the church with its good influences, as well as alienate his affections from his poor, lonely wife. It is plain to be seen you have never seen or realized your privileges or duties. Whose duty is it to sing the praises of Our King? I say all who can, and those who cannot are to help in this world by encouraging those who can. You must have been enough of a woman to win his love, and you are sure you keep it still, but not as much as you want. Did your husband when marrying you promise to give up his individuality? to become nothing but a husband? Why don't you ask him to quit voting? I know your trouble is great to you now, but if suddenly you should find yourself alone, your trouble would be greater when you remembered those hard feelings.

I sit in the ashes of the past. I have lost three husbands. Eight years ago today my last husband went home, and I thank God to-day that I was always a Woman Rights woman, brought up by one of the best of fathers to believe it a woman's mission as well as right to use all her powers, body as well as mind, to make every one better, and especially her own. Many a time I have missed and made a mistake that has given me a sore heart. Many a time I spoke hastily for I have a flashing temper.

I know a woman who to-day, by the Lord's assistance, is the better of a man that everyone knows to be always on the right side. She has a houseful of children, and she cannot go as she used to with him, so she sends him. He never has to wonder if "my wife will be willing" for if it is right he knows she will. He is naturally diffident and wants encouragement. He gets it right at home. I know another, who is purposely educating her husband. I don't think she ever told him so, but she is doing her best to help him higher. Life is many-sided, and we owe duty to many causes. Oh, think of the many women who would be thankful if their husbands and sons would ever enter a church, but who spend their hours in the saloons. There are so many poor men—I don't mean as regards money —so many bad men, that get good women, that it is a pity that a good man should be spoiled by a good woman's foolishness. Do not think I do not sympathise with you, for I do. I am sorry you do not see the right way, for I am sure you are in the wrong.

Can any of the HOUSEHOLD give me the address of Mrs. J. P. McCarty?—JANE H. HOLLINGWORTH, North Prairie, Wis.

WHAT IS IT?—Rap, rap, rap! I would like to have the full address of "Mrs. W. G.," whose communication on success with poultry appeared in the BLADE of February 22. I wrote to Mr. J. M. Bain, as she directed, and received in reply a circular saying that he had not any cheap directions on hand, but would send a book with expensive drawings and full information for successfully making and using an incubator, and several other things pertaining to poultry, for the small sum of $2. I sent the $2, and received in return a 10 cent book, with just two drawings, no better than any school boy could make with a pencil on a smooth board. Now, if "Mrs. W. G." is not an accomplice of Mr. "J. M. B's," to get a little cheap advertising done through the BLADE, or if they are responsible parties, we—yes, the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD, would like to have them come out and show their colors.—TIMRI MICH.

That is only another warning to THE HOUSEHOLD *not* to send money to a person who is not vouched for by responsible parties. Anyone who would take such a dishonorable way to advertise his wares marks himself a fraud at once. We repeat that it is our rule never to admit anything into THE HOUSEHOLD columns that calls for money, and if our members allow themselves to be swindled as above it is their own fault. It is our wish to give all the useful information possible, but to advertise no one's wares. —ED. HOUSEHOLD.

ANOTHER SIDE.—One month ago I began a letter in answer to "Unhappy Wife," and when I had written two pages I stopped, and it would probably have gone to the grave "unhonored and unsung," but after reading "a budget from over the mountains," I must raise my voice in solemn protest. Sister "Lou," I fear very much you are speaking of something you know nothing about. There is a certain jealousy that is good and right. If we are guardians of our homes, as gentlemen are so fond of telling us, we do well to jealously guard everything that in any way threatens to mar or destroy its peace. I sympathize with and understand "Unhappy Wife" better than perhaps most of the circle, from the fact that I only very lately stood in nearly her position, and I don't want to hear her scolded by well-meaning people, because I say they take too much for granted.

Not a year ago the leader of our choir persuaded my husband that it was his duty to render the bass, as they had some trouble in procuring singers. He is fond of music—and, for the matter of that, so am I—and he finally accepted. My husband is a mecc.anic, and of course was gone all day; and the evenings I looked forward to for his companionship, as I had done before we were married, only three years ago, and we both enjoyed those as much as we did during our courtship. After the settlement of the choir all that was changed.

There are a number of "musical people" in our town, and they are accustomed to spend all of their evenings away from home. Indeed, these, although mostly married, think it very dull if for any cause they are doomed to pass a quiet evening alone together. Now this was not always so. It had its *beginning*, and I must say that so far as my experience goes, musical people are more apt to run to extremes than any other class of people I know; and also more apt to be selfish. They have the feeling of "Sit and sing myself away to everlasting bliss." All other things are of minor consideration.

Well, evening after evening I was compelled to pass alone, my baby claiming my presence—delightful bondage—if only papa made the group complete. Babies all, as I looked on, away into the future and saw numberless evenings trooping along, and realized how much we all are creatures of habit, and how my husband, from whose side no pleasure could ever tempt me, and how entirely my interest and pleasure were in him and child and home, and how willingly I had given up *all* outside enjoyment for these, the thought pressed more and more closely upon me, "No! I will not do!" I have seen too many mothers rear and train children alone; too many husbands and fathers whose place at least, in the evening—was at home *never* found there, too many sad-eyed women that from this very innocent looking little pastime, had been robbed of her glory and honor—her husband's cherishing and protection! I resolved, after prayer for guidance, to firmly take my stand for what was right!

Tell me—any of you, why women are more interested in the home than men should? be *less* their interest there one as elsewhere? Aren't they joint owners in the children of the home? Does God enjoin only *mothers* to train up their children, etc? Generally men are engaged away from home during the day, and when, unless during the evening does their share come to them? Well, following out my plan I began to talk. That is a wonderful weapon we women have. But it requires a great deal of tact to talk our husbands into our way of looking at things, until it is as though they saw with our eyes. I began it this way. We have many friends and acquaintances here who very rarely ever appear in public together. Of almost all of them, one is "musical" the other is not. See them at home, they are respectful, but there isn't a particle of love there—killed by years of separation in interest. When all of those parties were first married they stood as good prospect for unalloyed happiness as did we. I spoke often of those, and I said the right thing in the right place a thousand times, such as any woman having a great cause to work for would know how to do. The result is perfectly satisfactory all around. My husband finally told the choir he had decided that his first duty was to his family and anything that interfered therewith was not a duty. And so say I.

My husband is to-day more loving, fonder of home, and, above all, his wife, than ever he was before. And I know he sees the wisdom of it, while I, on my part, thank God, with full heart, that we are one in everything; no divisions, no pleasures one has and not the other. Nothing separates us! I hold that neither husband nor wife has the right to leave the other at home and go out to seek pleasure in any form, unless the party staying at home is satisfied or indifferent. I have a neighbor, a dear good mother, whose duties to her family keep her closely confined, whose husband is musical, and that man has by degrees become so used to going from his home to seek musical affinity or affinities that, although moving in the very highest circle, the fact of his neglect has become notorious, and all good men and women are indignant!

Yet it was not that she *wouldn't* go, but *couldn't*. No *jealousy* on her part whatever that caused this. It was HABIT! Now he never dreams of asking her to go any more!

Dear "Unhappy Wife" I give you my hand of sympathy. I hope you have learned where to go for wisdom and direction. I am afraid you have a good share of self love (so have I), but our home interests are of great moment to us. Let us try to make them Bethels, where God may dwell. But also, let us see that our husbands get their share at the making. It keeps down the bad and strengthens the good in him. Let your husband see that it is not the going out of an evening, but a great principle that is involved in this. I must close. Speak for yourself. If you think they have scolded you too hard, say so, and tell them why. I for one want to hear from you again.—SYGMUS.

We think poor "Unhappy Wife" must be completely submerged by this time under the sea of advice she has received. Evidently she has no intention of speaking again, so we must ask our friends to let her have a chance to look around her again and decide whether life under the new conditions so well presented for her consideration is possible.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

TEACHERS' BOOKS, ETC.—Although "Critic" seems to be pretty well answered, yet we wonder that it never occurred to him that while the farm hand works for one man for a stipulated price the teacher must feel himself under obligation to perhaps 20 or more different men, in duty bound to work for the best and highest interest of his pupils, let them be many or few. And, as has been said, in order to do so he must spend some years of time in hard non-remitting study both at home and school, at a great expense to himself. While they may be competent to teach our common District school, yet, unless thinking with "Critic" that all high branches are superfluous, must spend some hours in some of our higher schools, and, if good students, at very hard work, and that, too, often by the night lamp. While giving all honor to each avocation, all honor to all true, honest labor, yet what weight would be lifted from the mind of true and faithful teachers could they but know their work was appreciated and seconded by their patrons. If teachers would prepare themselves fully for their work, they must of necessity deny themselves many social pleasures, because the time others have at their own command must be spent in the company of their books, in order to gain for themselves a more thorough education.

How much better for us all if we would spend more of our time in reading good and useful books. When deprived of the privilege of giving or enjoying that degree of hospitality we would be glad to do, by the want of health and strength there is one of the greatest of pleasures within our reach, the blessed inestimable privilege of a good and pure literature. If we would only read more and do a little less work and a good deal less worrying we women would be, I think, a great deal happier and better contented. Let us read ourselves, train our children to read, instil into their young minds a love for good books even if some piece of work must go undone, even if we make fewer calls, or have not so many callers on our list.

We can hardly agree with "Dan Ripley" in his opinion that the teacher that does not command perfect order through his first term should abandon the profession. Suppose some energetic, ambitious young man or woman has taught one term, giving pretty general satisfaction. Although their government did not come quite up to our model of perfection, might it not be better to give them one more chance? Suppose we apply friend "Ripley's" theory to other professions, the ministry, or medicine for instance, what might have been the loss to the world? We fully agree with him that every teacher, and every one, should have a good, moral and Christian character. Yet we would not in every case be willing to take a church membership as proof of such.—DULCIE DOLMEN.

PARROTS.—A few weeks ago, some one made inquiry about a parrot, and the last BLADE repeats the same inquiry. It depends on the location, as to the purchase of the bird. If you live near the ocean and have access to coasting ships, it would be easy, and you would have a wider range to choose from. I have frequently been on trading vessels to the Isthmus and South America, who bring home to our ports large numbers of monkeys and some of the parrots and macaw birds, and sold from the ship very low—from $1 to $10. After they are taken to bird stores, the price will be four times as much. I paid $7 for one last November that a Dutch woman had taken into the cabin, and how I wish your inquiring friends could hear her talk and have one just like her; and just now she is asking: "Where is my black-eye? Where is Polly's little baby? Polly good little boy! Good little girl!"

My wife has just hung her out on the the porch, and she says, "All right! All right!" And everything as plain as you can speak it. A silent parrot is no better than a stuffed skin, and there are many of that kind.

If you cannot get to an ocean port, or send by a friend, you must depend on your nearest bird store. Near Chatham Square, New York are plenty of bird stores, where one will cost from $3 to $10. —JOHN D. STRANAHAN, Leboueff, Erie County, Pa.

FOR BREAKFAST.—Now that the season for those two maladies, house cleaning and Spring fever is again upon us, and as the all pervading cry seems to be, "For pity's sake, tell me what to cook that will taste good," we think it is the duty of every sister of THE HOUSEHOLD (the brothers, of course, know nothing of such matters) to give us every new recipe she may possess.

And now, after this preamble, we will attempt to "start the ball rolling," with the recipe for a German dish which they call "Pone Haus" (we do not know whether that is the correct way of spelling it or not as we have never seen it written before) and which is very nice for a breakfast dish, besides being very easy to prepare.

Well, to begin, take a piece of meat, the upper part of the "shank" bone, or some part that has considerable meat on, is best; boil until very tender, keeping the kettle about half full of water all the time; when cooked so that the meat will shred easily, take out and chop up removing all bones and most of the fat; put the meat back, season with salt, and when it boils add corn meal till it is as thick as thick mush; stir often, and when it is done pour into a greased pan; let it get cold and hard; then slice and fry.

Now, poor tired sisters, try this recipe and you will feel so grateful for something "new" that you will be want to exclaim, like Gloucester, though varying a little from the proper rendering, "Now is the season of our discontent made almost glorious by this fried 'Pone Haus.'" —TOPSY TRICKETT.

A MAN'S VIEWS.—I have read "Unhappy Wife's" letter, and it sounded unreasonable; also, I have just finished "Lou Talmac's" wise admonitions which should cause that wife to hang her head and make some good resolutions. "Lou's" theory is right, but my sympathies are with "Unhappy Wife." I am the husband of a singing partner. My wife is a charming woman, virtuous as Joseph, and I love her. O, "Lou," there is the trouble; although six years married I am in love with her yet. Her choir leader is a very pillar of respectability, his way to and from church lies past our door, and so "Viola" goes and comes under his escort, and it is all right. Everbody in church says so. "Why not go with her, yourself?" did you say, "Lou." Who, then, would keep the two baby boys? Now do not imagine that we live unhappily. I meet my wife with a smile and a kiss, and I harbor no unkind thoughts about her. I do not fear that she will sin against me in word or deed. Well, what then? I will tell you, "Lou." It is the straying fancy—the sentimental, half ideal friendship—the sympathetic tenderness induced by long-continued intimate relations, and constant, familiar associations, that I dread. Why, two or three long walks, and one evening a week in her society, for a year or so, was all the opportunity I had of courting my wife. This choir meeting business gives a young and pleasant man, the same privilege so far as time is concerned, with her whom I would fain keep all to myself.

Miss "Lou" will call me a selfish brute. Yes, verily, I plead guilty, but men are so, you know. Lovers will be jealous, and hate to share the beloved with another, and while I love my wife as I do, I must expect to suffer. Perhaps some time I shall settle down to business life, and cease to care with whom "Viola" sings or walks. I suppose the wine and sparkle of married love can not always last. Still, I would advise "Unhappy Wife," if she can do so, to go with her husband every time.—B. W. F.

Inquiries.

What has become of the sister that was going to give the recipe for gingerbread, such as was used at general training? I would like it.—SISTER.

Will some of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD tell me where, and at what price, I can get the Turkey red knitting cotton, and Turkey-red cotton floss for working on wash goods, and I wish to know if one can get green cotton floss that will bear washing? If so, where and at what cost?—A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

Almost any large dry goods or fancy store keep the articles you speak of. The cotton for working usually comes in small skeins at 5 cents a skein. The price of the knitting cotton we cannot now give you. It is very difficult to get green working cotton that will wash well. In fact we never saw any that would not fade after one or two washings.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Who of the lady readers of THE HOUSEHOLD will send me some pretty patterns for pillow and sheet shams, to be done with chain stitch or embroidery? And I also want some pretty patterns for working java canvass chair tidies.—STAR.

Can some one give me a remedy for the salt rheum? I have tried various medicines and get no relief. It appears on my arms and legs only.—MRS. M. A.

Will any of the reoders of the HOUSEHOLD Department please tell me by postal what book or books I can get to read that will help me in oil painting, and will some one be so kind as to tell what colors put together will make a soft moss green? I have taken only 16 lessons, and it seems impossible for me to take any more at present, and I feel as though I could not give it up entirely. A postal addressed V. A., Lock Box 49, Erie, Pa., will reach me.

If any of the BLADE readers have the book entitled "The Hidden Foe," and will part with it, I wish they would correspond with me, as I wish to obtain the work. It was published in the BLADE some years ago. Address—H. COTTERMAN, Dow, Cass Co., Ind.

Will "Chatta Bella" or some of the HOUSEHOLD tell me how to treat hyacinths, tulips, crocus and jonquil bulbs after they have quit blooming? Should they be taken up? If they remain in the ground will it injure them to plant geraniums and other plants among them during the Summer? How shall I treat hibiscus, heliotrope, achania, bouvardia, during the Summer, just sink the pots, or take them out? Will they bloom in Winter, if allowed to bloom through Summer?—N. J.

Will some of the readers of the BLADE give me a good recipe for canning corn, and oblige a constant reader of the BLADE? —M.

Will some of the sisters of the HOUSEHOLD, inform me how to take mildew out of bleached muslin?—Mrs. J. M. E.

In the BLADE of April 14, "May" speaks of using "Railroad Emptyings." She gives a recipe for the yeast and tells how much to use for a certain number of loaves but gives no further directions. Will she please give us the "modus operandi" from the beginning of making the yeast until the bread is ready for the oven? Can any one give a recipe for canning corn without using acid? We enjoy the HOUSEHOLD very much.—EXAMINER, Orleans, Ind.

Will you please give me the postoffice address of some good, responsible wholesale dealer in lace and fancy articles; also a recipe for brown toilet powder?—BLACK-EYED INQUIRER.

Get a New York paper, one of the leading ones, and look over the advertisements. Any of the large houses are responsible. We cannot advertise them by giving individual names. Do not understand what you mean by brown toilet powder.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Will you give me, through the columns of the BLADE, a recipe for making paste, such as is used in making scrap-books?—SAY.

A very simple paste but an excellent one, is to take wheat flour, beat it in cold water until it is perfectly smooth, then bring it to a boil, stirring it constantly to keep it from burning. Add a few drops of creosote to preserve it, and if put in a covered vessel it will keep a long time.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Will some kind sister of THE HOUSEHOLD Department please tell me through your columns how to cook boneless codfish?—ELLA.

Will some kind reader please tell me where I can get the notes to "The Dying Californian?" The words were published in the BLADE.—MAUD A. LUCAS, Ilipon, Labette Co., Kansas.

Answers to Inquiries.

I saw an inquiry in the issue of March 16 about coal oil in carpets, and have not seen an answer. If you will roll it up and stand it away for awhile, it will evaporate and all be gone in a week, or two weeks, according to the size of the spot. This is the advantage coal oil has above any other grease.—A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

In BLADE of January 5 was published my application for reading matter. I received but little in return. Just as it began to arrive the small-pox became epidemic on the mail route leading from here to Knoxville, and the Postmasters were ordered to fumigate first-class matter and send it through, but to destroy the other grades of mail matter, so a great deal of my mail was destroyed. Still, I thank all friends for their good intentions.—P. P. DAY.

If "Kansas" will write to me stating points on which information is desired, in regard to Northern Alabama, I will answer to the best of my ability. I spent four months in that part of the State last year for my health.—M. A. DUNLOP, Pestone, Sedgewick Co., Kan.

I would say to Mrs. A. W. M. use lemon for a deranged state of the liver, one a day for eight days, after breakfast, in water without sweetening, as sugar destroys the medicinal qualities.—SISTER.

If "Reader" will send me her address, I can send her a very pretty pattern for a card case and letter holder, made of perforated card board.—MRS. M. C. CARPENTER, Berlin, Ill.

A kind friend lent me some of her papers, and reading "A Great Sufferer's" inquiry for something to kill the nerves of decayed teeth, I will tell her or him how I killed mine. Pure, unadulterated sulphuric ether; wet some cotton with the ether and apply to the decayed teeth and moisten the gums also. I get the ether of a daguerrean artist.

Having been a very great sufferer from dyspepsia, and being now almost free from it, I would like to say a word or two about it. I tried M. D.'s, getting no better very fast, until one more sensible than the rest told me that when food gave pain to drink warm water until it produced vomiting. I do not drink much tea or coffee; do not eat much graham—tried it and found it unsatisfactory—my own fault, perhaps, but eat considerable oat meal and milk, plenty of beef or vegetables. Can eat a piece of mince pie, go to bed, and sleep all night.—RUTH R. FORD.

There is a letter here for "Nellie," of Colorado Springs, which will be forwarded to her if she will send her address.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Recipes.

Marble Cake (excellent).—Whites of 5 eggs, 1 cupful of butter, 2 cupfuls of sugar, 1 cupful of sweet milk, 3 cupfuls of flour, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder; for the dark part take one cupful of this dough, add one cake of grated chocolate dissolved in a little milk.—AUNT CHLOE.

To Take Out Iron Rust.—Some one asked some time ago for a recipe to take out iron rust. I take it out with tartaric acid. I wash the garment or whatever it is on just the same as any of the rest of the clothes, and when I hang it out I rub on the tartaric acid or dissolve it and dip the parts soiled in it and hang where the sun will shine on it fairly. I have taken out ink and mildew the same way. —AUNT HANNAH.

Irish Stew.—Take mutton chops; cover well with water; take the scum off as it rises; add a layer of potatos, a layer of turnips and one onion, sliced; season with pepper and salt; add more potatos as before; then add more water. Dumplings good with this.

Rice Muffin.—Boil the rice soft and dry. Take 1 cup rice, stir in 3 spoonfuls of sugar, piece of butter size of an egg, and a little salt. One pt. sweet milk, 1 cup yeast, 2 qts. flour. Let it rise all night. If sour in the morning add a little soda dissolved in milk, and bake in muffin rings.

Bachelors' Pudding.—Beat up three eggs, flavor with essence of lemmon and grated nutmeg, and add them to four ounces each of finely-minced apples, currants, grated bread crumbs, and two ounces of sugar; mix thoroughly and boil in a buttered mould nearly three hours. Serve with wine sauce.

Poor Man's Cake.—Take 1 cup dried apples, soak in hot water until soft, chop fine, put on 1 cup of molasses, stew a few minutes, then let cool; 2 eggs, 1 cup of sugar, 1 cup of butter, beat well; cinnamon, allspice, ½ teaspoonful of each; 1 cup of the juice that the apples were soaked in, or one cup of cider; 1 teaspoonful of saleratus; enough flour for a stiff batter.—MISS LOLA.

Life's Little Troubles.

How little it takes sometimes, dear friends, to depress the human soul,
To weigh us down with a crushing power which we cannot control.
'Twas thus we struggled, one morning bright, in the early days of May,
When the earth was cheered by the sun so bright and the mild flowers blossomed gay.
And what was the cause, we hear you ask, that you were so depressed,
When all around was rejoicing and glad? Now then, just please confess.
I'm really ashamed, it seems so small; I've got over it now, you see,
But I wanted to go to Town, that's all, and it seemed that it could not be.

The horses and wagon were at the door, the men were ready to go,
The notion came on me so suddenly, but had to be answered no,
For who would stay with the children if mother should go away?
So the thought was banished for their dear sakes that lovely day in May.
Yet still I own I was lonely and sad, way down in my heart for a while,
And felt as if "out on one's homestead" was sometimes nearly exile.
For comfort I picked up a paper to read, the dear old sensible BLADE,
And looked over some of the answers to "Unhappy Wife's" trade.

Poor woman, for her I am sorry, as it's just as one writer said,
"Imaginary wrong's near as painful as the real ones are in their stead."
I wish I could see her and tell her, her trouble's not worth the name,
But after my own clear confession, she might say, "Your's the same."
I own it, yet still I blamed no one, my husband least of all,
For often and often he stayed home and took care of the children small,
And let me go to practice, as it was my fond desire
To sing with my feeble powers in our little village choir.

He was no singer himself, yet he liked to hear the sound
Of my voice, in the quiet evening, with the little ones gathered round.
So if one can sing and the other can't, just listen to the song,
Attention and praise will go a great ways to make lives happy and long.
To bear and forbear, that be the rule of every married pair,
To love and make happy your other self, and of your own little self beware.
The wife who greeted her husband coming in with staggering gait,
With tainted breath and mumbling words, hath cause to mourn her fate.

Methinks she would say to "Unhappy Wife,"
"Beware how you trouble boerow,
Naught have you in your husband's life to compare with my great sorrow.
Oh, if my husband did only wander to sing some holy song,
'Twould be my comfort and pleasure with him to go along.
In his enjoyment I'd pleasure take, though I know not 'do' from 'me,'
If that was his only wandering, I would so happy be.
Have a care, dear woman, you do not drive your husband some other where,
For thick lie the traps on every side, and set is many a snare.

Too late you may strive to call him back to even the church choir,
For when the tempter once gets a hold 'tis hard to stem desire.
There are enough troubles, you will find, as you pass along through life;
Some are real, though some are made, like yours, 'Unhappy Wife.'"

Arapahoe, Neb. N. P. T.

Our Young Folks.

For the Young Folks.

YOUNG AMBITION.

JULIA C. ELDRICH.

Tell me not in drawling phrases,
How contentment sweetens woe;
Harp such nonsense to the sluggard.
Not to one whose pulses go
Leaping with each wild emotion—
Struggling for the unattained
Rest my soul! Ah, it shall never
Till the goal before me's gained.

Sitting in a suit of home spun,
Mouth agape and folded hands,
Is your lauded lad "Contentment,"
Waiting for his father's lands.
You may kiss his brow unclouded,
Pet and praise his golden curls;
But for me, life opens sternly
And his battle-flag unfurls.

Seas shall yield their riches to me,
Golden climes their shining ores,
Science, too, her door shall open
Open all her mystic store,
And the classic lore of sages
Mine shall be; I'll gather all
All the wise have learned for ages,
And, responsive to my call,
Earth shall bring her buried treasures
From the East and from the West,
And the Future's startling wonders
Shall unveil at my behest.

Not the spirit of contentment
E'er to earth a treasure brought—
Rolling worlds through trackless ether
Glow on us from restless thought.
Herschel, sitting down contented,
Uranus still had been a star—
Just a tiny speck of brightness,
"Made to light us from afar."

Chide us not for discontentment,
Rather train with careful hand—
'Tis a germ our Father planted
When our highest good was planned;
'Tis the power that spurs us onward,
And our greatest strength evolves;
Out of restless discontentment
Springeth ever high resolves.

CHASED BY A SHARK.

A Reminiscence of the Red Sea.

BY DAVID KER.

"What a jolly place for a swim! I'll have one as soon as my dinner's digested."

"Take my advice, and don't do nothin' of the sort; for if you do, as sure as eggs are eggs, there'll be somethin' else digested besides your dinner."

"How do you mean?"

"*Sharks!*"

And with this impressive conclusion, the worthy Captain turned on his heel and walked off.

We had run three parts of the way down the Red Sea, and were now anchored close to the Arabian shore, just off the Turkish fort of Koomfidah, the low massive wall of which stood out white and bare in the blistering sunshine, while beyond it stretched, far as the eye could reach, the dim immensity of the great central desert.

Our vessel lay fully a mile and a half from the shore, although it seemed within a stone's throw in the clearness of that wonderful atmosphere. But between us and the interminable waste of flat sandy beach the clear bright water was flecked with a broad band of white, very much like a streak of thick cream, marking the whereabouts of one of those treacherous coral reefs which make the Red Sea as dangerous a place as any in the world.

Outside the reef where we lay the sea was still heaving restlessly from the effects of the gale that had blown over night; but the broad shallow lagoon within was as calm as a mill-pond. Half a dozen gaunt, swarthy Arabs were splashing and wallowing in the smooth water with shouts of delight, which were very tantalizing to us as we "stood on the burning deck," with the very pitch melting between the planks under the intolerable heat. Others still were trooping down to the beach in their long white robes, like a train of ghosts, from the little group of tumble-down mud hovels which, clustering around the outer wall of the fort, represented the "town" of Koomfidah.

Their bathing-place was of course safe enough, for no shark could enter there; but as if on purpose to show us how little they cared for this, several of the nearest Arabs scrambled across the reef and began to swim toward us; and in a twinkling the water around our ship swarmed with dusky figures (including not a few round-faced "pickaninnies" who could not have been more than six or seven years old at the outside) plashing and paddling about as merrily as if no such thing as a shark had ever been heard of.

"Some o' them chaps 'll be gettin' picked up, if they don't look out," said a young sailor, looking down at them over the bows.

"Not they!" rejoined a veteran "salt," who had made the Red Sea voyage many a time before. "Sharks never touches a Harab."

"Nor a darkey neither," added another. "I've see'd the darkies in the West Injies, jist afore they dived, put tar on the palms o' their 'ands where they was rubbed white, so as to give the sharks nothin' to aim at, like."

"I take it them Harabs ain't good enough to suit Mr. Shark's taste, and mayhap it's the same way with the darkies," said No. 1, with a grin.

And the two old sea-dogs, perching themselves upon the bulwarks, watched with a look of

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc'. etc. Communications should be written legibly and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

Chicken Cholera.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm.

The correct symptoms of chicken cholera are as follows: "The fowl has a dejected, sleepy and drooping appearance, and does not plume itself; is very thirsty, gapes often, and sometimes staggers and falls from weakness. Comb and wattles lose their natural color, generally turning pale, but sometimes dark. There is diarrhea, with greenish discharge, or like sulphur and water; afterwards thin and frothy. Prostration ensues, the crop fills with mucus and wind, the breathing is heavy and fast, the eyes close, and in a few hours the fowl dies."

In regard to a cure, I might give you a column of recipes, every one recommended by somebody who was sure that their "cure" had cured the genuine chicken cholera, but all the same, the fact remains that there is no known sure cure for the disease; nothing that will cure everything and no mistake about it. If you would avoid the chicken cholera, keep the houses, yards and everything about them clean. Allow no stagnant water, nor decaying vegetables matter, no filth of any kind about the yards. See that the houses are well-ventilated; provide shade; give plenty of pure, cool water to drink; feed no whole corn during hot weather; use disinfectants freely, and you need not fear the cholera. Where the disease has made its appearance, the cheapest, quickest and best way to get rid of it is to cut the sick kiddies' heads off, and then have a general cleaning up. Whitewash the inside of the house, cover the floor with fresh earth, if you can get it, sprinkle refuse lime from the gas works or land plaster, under the roost every day or two; fumigate the house with sulphur; plow up or spade up the places where the fowls "loaf around" in the yards; keep charcoal where the fowls can get it, and, until you are sure the disease has entirely disappeared, add a few drops of carbolic acid to each quart of drinking water once each day. If you adopt this course of treatment at the outset, and do the work thoroughly, you will soon stamp out the disease.

For the benefit of those who are anxious to try their hand at doctoring, I give a few recipes that may do good:

1. Calomel and blue mass in two grain doses, or four grains of blue mass mixed with two grains each of gum camphor and cayenne pepper may be given twice a day.

2. Two drachms of calomel, mixed with one quart of corn meal; feed twice a day.

3. Powdered chalk, powdered charcoal, gum camphor, assafetida and pure carbolic acid equal parts; mix all together and feed in the proportion of one teaspoonful to every 10 chickens. Give in the food twice a day.

4. Powdered garlic one ounce, extract of rhubarb half an ounce, tincture of capsicum two drachms, tincture of camphor two drachms, tincture of opium one drachm, tincture of oil of peppermint three drachms; mix well. Dose: Six drops in a teaspoonful of water, three times a day.

5. Fowler's solution one ounce, aqua ammonia one-half ounce, water one gallon; mix. Give this to the fowls to drink. This recipe came from eminent medical authority, the late J. W. Johnson, V. S., and if I had cholera among fowls should certainly give it a thorough trial.—Fanny Field.

Black-Leg—Quinsy in Hogs.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm.

Seeing an inquiry in the Blade concerning black-leg, I will endeavor to answer, but as I have had no personal experience with this terrible disease, I will simply quote my favorite author, John N. Navin, V. S., and as I have tried a number of his prescriptions and have found them all that could be desired in every instance, I can fully endorse his advice in this case.

Treatment: The name of the disease inflammatory fever would indicate the mode of treatment. It being caused by over feeding quite plainly proves that the patient is in a state of plethora or fullness of blood. Such excessive vascular action, tending to mortification, must be met by a reduction of the fuel that supports the flame, a reduction of the food. Bleeding is therefore the quickest as well as the surest means, and should be immediately resorted to. If the shoulder is affected bleed from the neck vein; if the hind leg, bleed from the vein on the inside of the thigh. More blood should be drawn in this than in any other disease, it should be continued until the artery becomes full and soft and the number of pulsations reduced after the first bleeding, in order to promote capillary circulation in the surface and thus get rid of the poisonous elements in the blood, warmth of the body may be promoted. A sheet fully saturated with cold water should be put on, covering the animal from the neck over the tail, and at least three heavy blankets thrown over it. This is a most powerful means of subduing fever by inducing sweating. A full grown animal may be drenched with the following: Tartar emetic, 60 grains; tincture Digitalis, 1 oz; mix in cold water, 1 pint. Repeat the above dose every two hours, omitting the digitalis after the first dose. If the animal vomits wait for the stomach to settle. Injections are of great utility.

In answer to "Z. D. Superior's" inquiry concerning quinsy in hogs, I would say blister over the entire under side of jaw and neck. Take powdered spanish fly, 1 oz; spirits turpentine, 1 pint, to be well rubbed in with the hand. Take tincture of digitalis, 1 drachm; tartar emetic, 10 grains; sweet spirits niter, ½ oz. Mix and give as a drink every two or three hours. The hog is so wild and stubborn, perhaps a word in regard to the manner of administering medicine would not be amiss. One catches him by the hind leg, while another with a rope with a running noose in one end watches for him to open his mouth when the noose is slipped over his upper jaw back of the other. The free end is then thrown over the beam and his head drawn above his back.—W. B. S., Goldwater, Mich.

Docking Lambs—Pub.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm.

In all the pictorial histories we have of the ancient, profitable and docile animal—the sheep—we notice the caudal appendages attached, just as the All Wise Creator left them for man's use, but, in the course of time, a desire to improve this domestic animal crept in, and for a long time—the writer hereof knoweth not how long—the sheep has been obliged to "travel life's rugged road" bob-tailed. The excuses offered by farmers generally for this barbarous and unnecessary treatment are not sufficient to warrant this cruel operation, is the experience of the writer. They tell us that the long-tailed sheep are more apt to foul, which is not our experience after a four years' trial, but directly the opposite. As experience is a good teacher, let our brother farmers try the experiment; (as we did,) leave a few lambs undocked each year, until convinced pro or con. We think you will notice that the long-tailed lambs will grow and thrive better, make stronger, healthier and better sheep than the docked ones; for the reason that the blood letting operation is performed just when the little creatures need all the substance that nature has provided. A consequent check of growth and injury to the nervous system are the results. The wool that grows on the tail will well pay for shearing the sheep. As the lamb season is approaching, brother farmers consider this subject and do not go blindly—because father did—against your own interest, and cruelly dock the little innocents. It was our's last Spring to lose nearly 50 sheep from grubs, being mostly strong and healthy sheep. When attacked we sought and tried many experiments to save them, such as injecting turpentine, probing and smoking, all which failed to accomplish the desired result. The last two afflicted, we sheared the wool off the head and a little way down the neck (very close.) These both got well and are healthy now. We recommend this simple process to those having sheep thus afflicted. At least try the experiment with the addition of a shower bath of cold water on the head after shearing, which may cool the ardor of the pest and save the sheep.—B. A. J., Springport, Mich.

Profit On Spring Chickens.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm.

I have raised market poultry for several years, have sold spring chickens in New York, Boston, Springfield, Cleveland and Cincinnati markets, and last season sold to hotel and restaurant keepers, from whom I received five cents more per pound than the highest open market price, but I have never yet made $1 per head profit on spring chickens, and I don't believe that "Mrs. W. G." or anybody else this side of the Rocky Mountains ever received $1 14 apiece for chickens after shipping and paying all expenses. I have sold extra nice early broilers for $1 each, but it cost something to raise and market them. Last March I sold broilers that would weigh from a pound and a half to two pounds, dressed, for 50 cents a pound; in April I sold for 40 cents a pound, and in July for 23. The chickens that I sent to market in June and July weighed almost three pounds apiece, dressed. I count on making from 60 to 75 cents each on extra nice, large broilers very early in the season; later I am glad to get from 20 to 35 cents profit. But be it remembered that I live where I can dress poultry one evening and before the same hour next evening have it in the New York, Boston, or Springfield market, while this "Mrs. W. G." lives in Ohio. I am also near a large manufacturing village where I can sell direct to the consumer at the highest prices. And while I am about it I would remark that Western poultry and eggs do not command the highest prices in Eastern markets. First-class poultry and fresh eggs from near points always bring the highest prices. I have sold eggs and chickens in Boston for almost double the prices that Western eggs and chickens sold for. Mrs. "R. G." is right when she says that prices are much higher in the East than in the West. But when anybody talks of making $1 per head profit on Spring chickens they are "crazy" or worse. It is my private opinion that the article in the Blade of February 23, headed "Success with Poultry" was nothing more or less than a gratuitous puff for Bain's "cheap incubator."—Fanny Field.

Mongrel Beets.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

R. W. Waglet in March 16 of the Blade requests or wishes to know how to grow mongrel beets. Having had some 15 years' experience in the cultivation of said article (often growing from 10 to 15 hundred baskets to the acre, often a single beet weighing 15 or 20 pounds, and even more) I will give it gratis. Clay marl is best adapted to their growth, but most any soil will do, if deep and rich; the richer the better. Also plow deep; fit it well, same as for any other crop; mark with bean markers, rows 30 inches apart, no ridging; level culture is best; five pounds of good seed sufficient per acre, cover half inch with fine dirt well pressed down, keep down weeds till plants are large enough to thin; then thin to a foot in the row; if any missing transplant the rest; do with hoes and bean cultivator; they make good feed for cattle, hogs and sheep, especially ewes raising early lambs, and cows in milk during Winter, and a hog that will not Winter and thrive on 10 pounds of mongrels a day and two ears of corn at night to sleep on, with comfortable quarters, isn't worth his keep; better knock him on the head. My experience is, cultivation of an orchard at any age is a good thing, if not so deep as to disturb the roots. My way is to turn the furrows to the trees one year, away the next; manure well and crop with peas, unless you let hogs harvest them on the ground; if so you may omit the manure.—C. R. Phillips, Alabama, Genesee County, N. Y.

Destruction of Timber—the Catalpa

To make shoe-pegs enough for America's use consumes annually 100,000 cords of soft maple timber. To make our lucifer matches, 300,000 cubic feet of our best pines are required annually. Lasts and boot trees take 500,000 cords of birch beech and maple annually, and the handles of tools take annually 500,000 cords more. The baking of our bricks and tiles consumes at least 3,000,000 cords of wood annually, or what would cover a forest of at least 15,000 acres of land. Telegraph poles already up represent 800,000 trees, and their annual repairs consume 300,000 more. The ties of our railroads consume 30 years' growth of 75,000 acres of our best timber lands, and to fence all of our railroads would cost $45,000,000 with an annual expenditure of at least $15,000,000 more for repairs. Our packing boxes cost $12,000,000 yearly, made mostly of elm. The timber annually consumed for wagons, threshing machines, and other agricultural implements is worth at least $100,000,000. Miners props may be valued at $20,000,000 annually. Cooperage, $40,000,000. Shingles, $100,000,000. Lumber for building purposes, $500,000,000. Lumber and timber for bridges, ships, boats, etc., $40,000,000. Lumber for cabinet-making purposes and undertakers stock, $300,000,000. Cord wood and rails, $300,000,000. Fencing, $100,000,000. Hoop poles, $300,000,000. In addition to the above ways of consumption must be counted the great devastating fires, such as lately swept over a large portion of Michigan, consuming at least $1,000,000,000 worth of valuable timber. These undeniable facts staring our American people in the face, it is self-evident that our timber supply will in a few years have become exhausted, and the rain fall as a natural consequence will go along with it, as history has recorded in other parts of the old world where they were so short-sighted as to let their timber supply become exhausted. It being self-evident that we, the American people, as a national necessity have got to go into timber planting, what variety of timber will be the most easily grown, make the quickest returns, and be worth the most money for general purposes? We will mention the following varieties: Black walnut, European larch, white ash, shell-bark hickory, swamp oak, white oak, chestnut, sassafras, mulberry, black cherry, California redwood (wherever it will succeed), cypress, hard maple, white pine, red cedar, balsam fir, and efpecially the Western hardy catalpa. It is perfectly hardy, a very rapid grower, the timber imperishable under or lying on the ground, it puts on as fine a polish as black walnut for cabinet making purposes, a beautiful flowering tree for groves (the bloom very fragrant) lawns, street or roadside trees. It will grow large enough for fence posts in five years. In 10 years it will grow large enough for telegraph poles, in 20 years large enough for railroad ties, in 30 years large enough for shingles, piles and bridge timber, and 40 years large enough for saw-logs for lumber for all purposes. Every acre of rich land planted to this variety of catalpa will, in from 20 to 40 years, be made worth at least $1,000. There should be a grove of at least 10 acres on every farm all over our entire Nation, especially on every prairie farm of the West. We are fully convinced that if our Government was to have planted the great American Desert, west of Kansas, to the catalpa, that it would succeed there, and put a stop to those hot winds, in time, that are so destructive to a large portion of our Western country, and be the means of bringing on rain on that large portion of our American territory that stands so much in need of it at this time.—A. H. Gaston, Lacon, Ill.

Ask your Druggist for Redding's Russia Salve Keep it in house in case of accidents. Price 25c

The Sunday School

Following Christ.

LESSON 9. SUNDAY MAY 28, 1882.

Golden Text—Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.—Mark 8: 34.

Lesson Topic.—We musk risk the cost of serving Christ.

Lesson Outline—1. Self denial a Duty, v. 34; 2. Self-forgetfulness a Gain, v. 35-37; 3. Full Reward a Certainty, v. 38, v. 1.

Lesson Text—Mark 8: 34-38; 9: 1.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Whosoever will come after me (v. 34.) Before you consider the cost of following Jesus, the question is, Have you any wish to follow him? If it is not worth your while to follow him at any cost, you certainly needn't weigh the question of following him at every cost. If a young man has no wish to be a farmer, or a sailor, or a mechanic, or a merchant, or a physician, or a lawyer, what is the use of his worrying himself over the involved cost of such an occupation, or trade, or profession? If you have no desire for learning, why should you dwell on the outlay and endurance demanded for its attainment? If you do not want a friend, it is unnecessary for you to count the cost of a true friendship. Why should you follow Jesus anyway? If you are not a lost sinner, you do not need Jesus—nor any one else as a Savior. If you can take care of yourself for this world and the next without the help of a Divine Friend, why should you wish to come after Jesus? Until you have some reason for desiring to be his follower—in case the cost of his following shouldn't be too great—you have no special call to look into the question of cost, seriously. Is your mind clear that you want to follow Jesus? If so why?

Let him deny himself. Self-denial is a necessity in every pursuit—good or bad. Unless a man will deny himself, to a greater or less extent, he can never be of real use to anybody else, nor to himself. A man cannot make a success of living for his own pleasure on the lower or the higher plane of mere personal enjoyment, without a measure of self denial. He can never get the good of eating or drinking without the restraint of his appetite—some self-denial. Getting out of bed, or getting into bed, with any sort of regularity, calls for self-denial; sometimes it's awful hard. And the better work to be done, the more self denial there is called for in it. A woman can never be a good wife or a good neighbor, without a great deal of self-denial. A man can never be a good husband, or a good father unless he denies himself all the way along. Nothing is true affection which is not unselfish. Devotion and selfishness are contradictions in terms. Whoever would be a follower of another must deny himself. Selfishness might have a place in a leader, in a follower it's out of the question. Unless, therefore, you are ready to turn away from yourself, you cannot turn toward Jesus. Unless you will deny yourself, you will be disqualified for serving him.

And take up his cross. There is a cross for every disciple of Jesus. Jesus promises that this shall be so, and he keeps his promise. The provided crosses are not all alike; but they are all crosses. It is not enough that a disciple be ready to bear a cross; he must bear his cross. A great many of us are staggering under crosses that are not ours; we have taken them up without being told, and our strength fails by misuse. This is more than Jesus asks of us. It may show a self-denying spirit on our part, but it does not show a self-denying spirit—a spirit of obedience. What Jesus wants of us is to take up our cross; that and that alone. Our cross may not seem to us just the cross we need, but Jesus knows better than we do about this. And here again is where self-denial is called for. Denying ourselves, yielding our own judgments and preferences, we are to take up the burden that Jesus has for us to bear, even though it seems to us that we are to be crushed by the load, and are to fail of all service for him whom we would follow. Unless we are ready for this, it is of no use for us to think of being followers of Jesus.

And follow me. That's it. When you have decided that you want to follow Jesus, that you will be unselfishly and devotedly his disciple; when you have found your cross and have taken it up—then the next thing for you to do is to follow. And just here is where a great many professed disciples of Jesus fail of being real disciples. They have regularly enlisted, have put on their uniform, and there they stand before the recruiting office, with knapsacks and blankets on their backs, with muskets at a "carry," marking time to the martial music—although some of them don't do even that; and there they have stood since their enlistment, never marching a rod. They certainly don't follow Jesus in work for him in liberal giving for his cause, nor in earnest words in behalf of the truth he loves. What are you doing, any way, as a disciple of Jesus? Oh, I am one of his followers! A follower! Than why don't you follow?

Whosoever will save his life shall lose it. (v. 35.) Selfishness is always a barrier to self-enjoyment and to self advantage. If the thought of how to appear, or of what we may gain are uppermost in our mind, when we are in company, or when we are before the public, we are sure not to appear at our best, and not to gain what otherwise we might hope to have; while the consciousness or the fear of our failure will commonly make us wretchely uncomfortable. A man cannot walk a tight rope, or a narrow stringer across a stream, unless he looks at something beyond his path; to keep his eyes on his own footing would be sure to cost him his balance. No soldier would be good for anything in a battle, if he thought only of his own safety. Not until we forget ourselves can we appear well, or do well, or gain anything worth having. He who lives to get wealth, has no real enjoyment of wealth; only in the use of money is there even temporary pleasure from money. He who makes fame the object of his life, always fails of the highest fame; the world gives its best honors to those who have striven for something deserving of honor. If we make our personal salvation the supreme object of our existence, we shall fail of salvation. Unless the thought of Christ, and those for whom Christ died, causes us to lose thought of of self-seeking even of the seeking of our own soul's welfare—we are not, cannot be, the disciples of Christ.

Whoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, shall save it. Self-forgetfulness is the surest source of self-aggrandizement. We always think most of those who seem to think least of themselves. And those who give most freely, as a rule gain most largely—whether the giving be from hand, or head, or heart. If only men would realize this, how much it would profit them. If they would stop trying to put themselves forward, they would be put forward in spite of themselves, as they never can be by any efforts of their own to that end. If they want the credit of being good givers, let them give well without saving anything about it. If they want the reputation of knowing a great deal, let them study hard, and use their learning as it may be called for, but don't let them claim any superior knowledge in any line. If they would like to be thought unselfish, let them forget themselves in their zeal for others—forget even their desire to be thought unselfish. There is no way of hitting one's self up to advantage like honestly striving to sink one's self out of sight. So soon as your own self is fairly below the surface, you are in a fairer sight than ever. And in Christ's service only he has full salvation who loses thought of his salvation—in his loving devotedness to his Savior and his Savior's service.

What shall a man give in exchange for his soul (v. 37.) Well, that depends on what a man thinks of his soul—of himself, of his personality, of his real life and character. Some men think more of their pockets, or of their stomachs, than of their souls. Esau sold out himself—his birthright and all its honors and beirship—for "one square meal," when he was hungry. A good many men since his day have sold themselves for their appetites; have bargained away their souls for drink. It is only a myth that a man ever signed in blood a contract with Satan, exchanging his soul for a short term of power in the realm of his craving or lust, because Satan isn't ready to make written contracts in that line. But if Satan should be ready for such bargains, and should open an office for soul brokerage, all the police in the city would be needed to keep the people in line to wait their turn for a chance at transfer. Any man who would deliberately do a thing which is unworthy of his own manhood, to win place, or power, or friends, or wealth, or the gratification of his appetite, thereby indicates the price he puts upon his soul—his own self. It is not an easy thing to say what another man will swap his soul for; but there are a great many souls on the market. What would tempt you to-day? even as equivalent of your personality? How are you proving that it is not onsale at any price?

Ashamed of me and of my words (v. 38.) It requires real courage to be never ashamed of Jesus and his words. There are times and places in which it is easier to be on his side than against him. When all about us are professed Christians and hold to our view of Christ's truth, we can go with the crowd conscientiously. But when we stand alone among polite scoffers, when no one thinks of bowing the head to ask a blessing over a meal; when irreligious and fashionable visitors are with us at family prayer time; when all our traveling companions take wine freely; when persons whom we love and respect speak slightingly of truths which we deem vital to Christ's cause, then it is not so easy to be true to our convictions, and to Him whom we profess to serve. And harder still than all, is the duty of not being ashamed of Christ's words where they are in collision with the words of Luther, or of Calvin, or of Wesley—as embodied, perhaps, in our own denominational catechisms or articles of faith. It is easier to stand for Christ against his enemies than to stand for his plain words against the teachings of those of his professed followers with whom we are in closest accord except at this point. But fidelity to Christ in those testing times is the fidelity on which he pivots his eternal recognition of us as his real followers and friends. It pays to stand by Christ and his words, whomsoever we may have to stand over against us in consequence. The reward for this shall be in the presence of all the universe.—*H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.*

PENNSYLVANIA.

Gen. Beaver Nominated by Acclamation—Synopsis of the Platform—Wolfe Not Provided For.

HARRISBURG, May 10.—It was not until 10 minutes after 3 that the Convention reconvened. The Committee on Permanent Organization then reported George Lear as President, with a Vice-President from each Senatorial District, and the Secretaries agreed upon in caucus.

James Milliken, upon nominations being opened for Governor, spoke eloquently and feelingly in presenting the name of Gen. Beaver. The delegates enthusiastically responded to a motion to rise and nominate Gen. Beaver by acclamation.

For Judge of the Supreme Court Henry Rawle, of Philadelphia, was nominated on the second ballot.

J. S. Rutan then placed in nomination the name of W. T. Davies for Lieutenant Governor. It was seconded immediately, and he was nominated by acclamation with a hurrah.

Charles M. Green was nominated as Secretary of Internal Affairs.

Thomas M. Marshal, Congressman at large.

The Committee on Resolutions presented the platform and resolutions, which were adopted without discussion. They declare it is the purpose of the Republican party to carefully guard the interests of the laboring classes by all suitable legislation and to that end the protection of American industry by the advocacy of the continuance of a proper and judicious tariff is enjoined upon our Senators and Representatives in Congress.

They also declare that Republicans unequivocally condemn the use of patronage to promote personal or political ends, and require that all offices bestowed within the party shall be upon the sole basis of fitness; that competent and faithful officers should not be removed except for cause. They also condemn compulsory assessments for political purposes and proscription for failure to respond either to such assessment or to requests for voluntary contributions, and that any policy of political proscription is unjust, and calculated to disturb the party harmony.

A resolution was adopted deploring the loss to the country of Pres Garfield and offering condolence to his family.

The following was adopted:

Resolved, That the administration of Pres. Chester A. Arthur, commenced under such sad and trying circumstances, has proved to be wise, conciliatory and efficient, and is entitled to the cordial support of every Republican.

Gen. Beaver was presented to the Convention, was enthusiastically received, and spoke as follows:

I am here in obedience to your summons, in answer to your request. The Committee of your body who have conveyed that request have also informed me of your action in naming me as the candidate of the Republican party for the suffrages of the people in the approaching election of the Chief Magistrate of our great Commonwealth. I am not insensible to the honor which you have conferred upon me by the voice of this great Convention. The man would be strangely lacking in feelings which are common to our humanity, who's heart could fail to be stirred by pleasureable emotion in view of this action; and yet you will allow me to say, and will no doubt assent to the saying, that this nomination is an empty honor unless you fairly represent in us the bestowal of the free will and untrammelled choice of your great constituency. Did I not believe this was the fact, you could not prevail upon me to stand as the representative of the grand political party whose past history is the best guarantee of its future policy. If you do not believe this is the fact, I pray you cancel this nomination here and now, and select some gentleman whom you and I can join in supporting as the true exponent of pure Republicanism and unbiased choice of the majority of the party.

I am not much of a politician, have but little political experience, and consequently no claim to sagacity which large experience brings; but I have faithfully and earnestly endeavored to learn in the preliminary canvass which has resulted in this nomination what the wishes of the masses of the Republican party in regard to it. I have not sought individual support, nor bargained for political influence, but I have been solicitous to know the popular will. Believing you have registered that will and given utterance to the voice of the people, I accept this nomination, not boastfully, not unthinkingly, but under a keen sense of responsibility which your popular confidence implies and begets. I have carefully noted the instructions under which some of you have cast your votes, and whilst I am painfully aware I fall very far short of the picture of the man whom you were instructed to support for this nomination, I am nevertheless impressed with the fact that the people in many parts of the Commonwealth have set up a high ideal to which they expect the nominee of this Convention for the office of Chief Magistrate to attain. I cannot expect to reach the full measure of their high standard, but I will come only so far short of it as the ability which God has given me, backed by honest purpose and earnest effort, will enable me to reach.

I have made no pledges to any living man as to what my future course shall be; I can make none now or hereafter, except this: In approaching the political campaign the harmony and success of the Republican party shall be one of the great objects of desire and effort on my part, and if your action should be ratified at the polls, the welfare of the whole people shall be the prime object of my solicitude, their will my inspiration, and my highest aspiration to obey their commands as legally expressed.

You will pardon these personal remarks, ordinarily out of place; but the circumstances under which we meet, and the evident misunderstanding of my position be many right-thinking people render them not only appropriate but necessary.

And now as to the principles which you have enunciated as expressive of the sentiments of your constituency. They are not only correct as principles, but they must be faithfully and honestly carried out in practice. They are not only beautiful in sentiments, but they must regulate and control the life of the party. The question for us is not, Are they radical? but, Are they right? They are right, and therefore we can advocate them, stand by them, uphold them, and insist upon their practical application in party government and in legislation which will give them life and efficiency. Public trust means public service: he who accepts it becomes the servant of all, and in administering it he enjoys most who serves best.

This is not the time nor is this the place for discussion or detail of the principles which you have announced as the matured thought of the party. If life and health are spared, I propose to carry the standard upon which they are inscribed into every County of the Commonwealth, and with the aid of those who believe, with me, they are verities, to bring them before every intelligent thinking man in the State. This standard which you present is the tricolor of harmony, of purity in party government and of the prosperity of the whole people. And now, as I take it from your hands, I pledge you, and I pray you to join in the pledge, that together we will carry it to a glorious and triumphant victory.

Upon the conclusion of the address the delegates cheered Beaver and waved their hats enthusiastically. The Convention then adjourned.

Senator Judkins' Extra Appropriation.

State Senator J. B. Judkins spent $1 and drew $5,000 in the April Drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery. In answer to a question Senator Judkins said: "I have received every cent of the money, less the commission of the bank, which would of course have been taken from any sum consequent upon commercial transaction. Q. You are convinced then, that the Louisiana State Lottery is conducted upon principles of fairness? A. Yes, sir. So far as I know the business is perfectly square. I have more than doubled the amount I have invested in the next drawing." This takes place June 13, when Gens G. T. Beauregard, of Louisiana and Jubal A. Early, of Virginia, will solely superintend the distribution of one half million of dollars, the particulars of which can be had from M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La., and which may prove a princely boon to the reader.—Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette April 25.

Small annoyance a in life are vanishing through scientific discovery. In his Skin Cure Dr. C. W. Benson, of Baltimore, Md., has created a perfect remedy for tetter, eruptions and scurf on the face or scalp. Every person using it will have a clear countenance.

THE HEROES

Of the Army of the Tennessee Having a Good Time at St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, May 10.—Glorious weather ushered in the opening day of the 15th annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee. The Peoples' Theater, in which the reunion is held, is elaborately decorated for the occasion. Upon the right of the stage stands the battle scroll, wreathed in colors of red, white and blue, bordered with black. Upon the scroll are engraved the names of the battles in which the Army of the Tennessee was engaged. Upon the left a similar scroll bears the names of their distinguished dead. A large shield with the motto "E Pluribus Unum," surmounted with the American eagle, and draped with three American flags, is suspended. The boxes are gracefully draped with flags and laurel wreaths, silk guerdons, festoons of smilax and evergreens are garlanded around the tiers. The chandeliers are covered with evergreens, and the pillars windows and doors are decked with colored bunting, flags and evergreens. The third tier is devoted to the display of battle-worn banners of Union Missouri regiments. The vestibules of the theater are artistically decorated. A portrait of Gen. Sherman, festooned with flags and bunting, is displayed in the center, smilax wreathed around in such manner as to make a complete shield for the frame-work. Surmounting this shield are the words "Welcome," worked in evergreens. At the base of the portrait, plants and flowers in stands covered with moss, are placed. The outer walls of the theater are decorated with three large flags, to which are suspended three shields bearing the names of Lloyd, Sherman and Sheridan.

Shortly after 10 o'clock the local Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic escorted members of the Army of the Tennessee from their headquarters at the Lindell hotel to the People's Theater. At 10 minutes past 11, Gen. W. T. Sherman called the assembly together with the following remarks:

"Fellow Soldiers—I am glad to meet those here present on this day and in this place. It is said that we could not meet on any day which is not an anniversary of some battle; but it was not by accident that we held this reunion of the Army of the Tennessee in St. Louis. The day was chosen to do honor to those who took part in the capture of Camp Jackson, in the suburbs of St. Louis. We have malice towards none and charity to all. Forgiving the past, but not forgetting it, we will cherish the memories of the war forever. [Applause.] Each year diminishes the members of our Society, but not the glorious memories of the war of 1861-65. But beneath this we have the kindliest feeling toward all. I am glad to see this hall filled with faces that come back to me as plainly as when we parted at Raleigh."

The reading of minutes were dispensed with, and then Gen. Sherman begged pardon for introducing a little episode. The magnificent floral tribute sent by Chicago to St. Louis was here uncovered, and a most eloquent address delivered by Right Reverend Bishop Fellows, Episcopal Bishop of Chicago.

Ex-Gov. Thomas C Fletcher acknowledged the gift on behalf of St. Louis in an appropriate speech.

Gen. Sherman announced Committees on nomination of officers, on selection of orator for the next meeting, on selection of time and place for the next meeting.

The Secretary read his report, showing the funds on hand $9,000.

List of members who had died since the last meeting was next read, after which letters from absent members followed.

ST. LOUIS, May 11.—The People's Theater last night was filled to its utmost capacity by members of the Society and their guests. There were many ladies present in private boxes. On the left of the stage were Gens. Sherman, Sheridan, Pope, Gov. Crittenden, Mayor Ewing and other prominent personages, and several lady members and their families. After an overture by the orchestra, the bugle call with fife and drum was heard, and the curtain was raised, disclosing on the stage a camp scene at sundown. Ex-Gov. Fletcher, of Missouri, then, in behalf of the Executive Committee, of which he was Chairman extendal a warm and cordial greeting to the members of the Society and turned the program for the evening over to Gen. Sherman as President and presiding officer of the evening. Bishop Fallow then offered prayer.

Gov. Thomas T. Crittenden delivered the address of welcome, and also Hon. William Ewing, Mayor of St. Louis. A new national anthem, "America," by Gen. Gooding, of this city, was then sung and loudly applauded.

Gen. James A. Williamson, of Iowa, the orator of the meeting, then delivered his address. In response to calls brief speeches were made by Gen. Sheridan, Gen. John Pope, Judge Gresham, Gen. Belknap and ex-Gov. Noyes.

Mr. Charles Pope, the actor, recited "Sheridan's Ride," which was greeted with thunders of applause.

Gov. Rusk, of Wisconsin, and Bishop Fallow, of Chicago, also made a few remarks.

Gen. Sherman then thanked the audience for their presence and kind attention and the session closed with the song and chorus "Marching Through Georgia."

ST. LOUIS, May 11.—The Society of the Army of the Tennessee met again this morning at the People's Theatre, Gen. Sherman in the chair.

Gen. Reynolds, for the Committee, reported the time and place for the next reunion as the 3d and 4th of October, 1883, the anniversary of the battle of Corinth, at Cleveland, O.

The customary resolutions of thanks were adopted.

Gen. Belknap then reported the committee had selected as orator of the next reunion, the late Chaplain of the 32nd Wisconsin, late Lieutenant 32nd Wisconsin, late Colonel 49th Wisconsin and present Bishop of the Episcopal Reformed Church, Right Reverend Samuel Fallow, of Chicago.

MR. BROADHEAD.

A short time since James O. Broadhead, an old comrade and political coworker with Frank P. Blair, was invited and accepted an invitation to respond to the following toast at the banquet of the Army of the Tennessee: "Missouri—Her bright ægis borne by Lyon and Blair, still lights the way to greatness." Mr. Broadhead yesterday sent a letter to the Executive Committee, declining to respond to the toast, giving, as his reason, as alleged by those who have seen the letter, that anything he might say in response to the sentiment would serve to exasperate and not allay the feeling still existing between the Northern and Southern sections of our country. This has caused a good deal of comment among members of the Army of the Tennessee and among Mr. Broadhead's friends and opponents in this City, and it seems to be the general opinion that the declination clearly means that Col. Broadhead will be a candidate for Congress in the Ninth District, formerly the Second, or Wellsby District, in this City, and that he does not wish to place himself in a position where he might say something distasteful to the Confederate element.

ST. LOUIS, May 11.—The Committee on Nomination of Officers recommended the election of Gen. W. T. Sherman as President; Col. L. M. Dayton, Recording Secretary; Gen. A. Hickenlooper, Corresponding Secretary; Gen. M. F. Force, Treasurer; Vice Presidents, Col. G. D. Mason, Col. John M. Bacon, Maj. H. M. Neil, Maj. C. Goodbrake, Gen. H. N. Eldridge, Maj. A. A. Perkins, Maj. A. L. Ogg, Capt. J. N. Monroe, Col. George E. Bryant, Capt. E. L. Baker, Gen. John W. Noble, Gen. J. C. Stevenson.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has rapidly made its way to favor among druggists, who have observed its effects on the health of their customers. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

FORTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, May 9

All the pending House bills, donating condemned cannon for monumental and other purposes, passed.

Sen. McMillan introduced a bill for a wagon bridge across the Missouri River between Council Bluffs and Omaha.

The Senate passed the House Tariff Commission bill by yeas, 35; nays, 19. Six Democrats voted with the Republican side in the affirmative, and two Republicans with the minority against the bill.

The District Committee was instructed to inquire into the management of the jail in reference to the privileges granted prisoners and the freedom with which visitors are admitted. The recent escape was also referred to; also reports that a notorious prisoner holds daily levees and receives on Sundays from 60 to 100 visitors.

After disposing of routine business the bill establishing intermediate Appellate Courts to relieve the Supreme Court of the press of business was further discussed, without action.

The Superintendent of Census asks an appropriation of $80,000 to defray the expenses of the office for the remainder of the fiscal year.

After an executive session the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.

The conference report on the Indian appropriation bill was agreed to and the House went into committee on the appropriation bill.

The bill finally passed by yeas, 124; nays, 13.

The Geneva Award bill was discussed and went over. Adjourned.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, May 11.

The L. Madison Day claim for a certain small lot of land in New Orleans, which at the time purchased by him at a judicial sale under the confiscation act, was covered by a mortgage, but was bought upon the representation of the Government that no incumbrance upon it existed, was passed by yeas 27, nays 22. Six Democrats voted with the Republicans in the affirmative.

The bill for Appellate Courts was further discussed by Sen. George.

Sen. Jones (Fla.) moved an amendment providing mainly for the preservation of the right of appeals from District to Circuit Courts as at present.

Sen. Morgan explained by reference to existing laws that the bill entirely cut off appeals and writs of error to the Supreme Court from Circuit Courts as to any sum from $50 to $500. He said it had been brought about on the floor that the President of the United States had committed himself, in the event of the passage of the bill, to appoint a number of Democrats to the Judgeship. He (Morgan) spurned such overtures, and was not to be seduced from his duty from such appeals to his party fealty.

Sens. Dawes and Ingalls here interposed and criticised the statement first made, the former asserting those who had been the organs of such negotiation with the President, of the kind indicated by Morgan, and those who had been parties to it, deserve to be impeached by the Senate.

Sen. Morgan—"I did not state the President had given any assurances, but that it was bruited about on the floor that he had given assurances in regard to the Democrats."

The amendment of Sen. Jones (Fla.) was then rejected by yeas 22; nays 29, and several amendments offered by Sens. George and Morgan were lost by nearly the same votes, the Democrats voting aye, and the Republicans, with Davis (Ill.), in the negative.

An amendment was adopted on motion of Sen. Davis, (Ill.), providing more explicitly that the jurisdiction of the Circuit Court shall be neither enlarged nor abridged by the bill. After an ineffectual effort to dispose of the bill unanimous consent was secured for a final vote upon it to-morrow.

A correspondence report of the Indian Appropriation bill was submitted. The total has been reduced by the conference $55,200. The report was concurred in and the bill passed.

Adjourned.

HOUSE.

Mr. Sherwin from the Committee on Education and Labor, reported a bill to aid in support of the common schools. Printed and recommitted. It provides for the next five years there shall be annually appropriated $10,000,000 to aid in the support of free common schools, which amount shall be known as the common school fund and which shall be apportioned to the several States and Territories according to their illiterate population over 10 years of age. An amount not exceeding five per cent. of the sum apportioned may be used for the education of teachers in the public schools.

Mr. Rice, from the Committee on Public Lands, reported adversely the bill to shorten to two years the period required in homesteading. Tabled.

The House resumed consideration of the Geneva Award bill.

After a discussion the previous question was ordered, but without further action went over.

Mr. Steele (Ind.), from the Committee on Military Affairs, reported a bill authorizing a retired list for non-commissioned officers of the army who have served continously for 30 years. Committee of the Whole.

The Speaker laid before the House a communication from the Secretary of War in response to the House resolution calling for information as

News of the Week.

TELEGRAPHIC CONDENSATIONS.

The tanning works at Galashiels, Scotland, burned; loss, £100,000.

Over 2,000 Chinamen have within two days landed at Victoria, B. C., from Hong Kong.

Heavy shipments of coffee are making from the Central American coast for San Francisco.

The ex-Mayor of Vienna, accused of neglect at the burning of the Ring Theater, has been acquitted.

Clearing House statistics for the past week place Chicago third in the volume of business transacted.

The U. S. Court at Indianapolis has decided that warehousemen may insure grain deposited with them.

Vaccination is made compulsory at Atlanta, Georgia, under penalty of $500 fine and 30 days' imprisonment.

The Queen has written an autograph letter of sympathy to Miss Burke, sister of the late Under Secretary Burke.

Dr. H. H. Hubbard, late Surgeon General of the Confederate army, died at San Francisco Monday, aged 54.

Jimmy Morch, of England, and Tommy Cocklin, of New York, are matched to fight catch weight in June for $500 a side.

Ex Sec. Blaine is said to have made $300,000 by investing in a Colorado mine which was sold in London recently.

E. D. Ardis, of Atlanta, Ga., shot himself to death at the Rufus Hotel, Louisville. It is supposed he was slightly demented.

The receipts of the ladies' tea party held in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, last Saturday evening, foot up rather $4,000.

Scoville has left New York for Chicago, where he expects to find his wife. The habeas corpus proceedings will probably be dropped.

Loss by fire in the business quarter of Ridgetown, Ontario, $100,000; by the burning of saw mills at Brainard, Minn., $65,000.

Within the last seven years about 300 miles of free turnpike has been constructed in Franklin County, O., at a cost of about $400,000.

Orders have been issued for the abandonment of Forts Fetterman and Sanders, in Wyoming, which are now garrisoned by 11 companies.

J. T. Clark, who leaves the Union Pacific for the St. Paul Superintendency, was presented by his associates with a piano costing $1,500.

John Meagher, of New York, is matched against an "unknown" for a 50-mile walk, June 5, for $1,000 a side and the championship of the world.

The first day's sale of season tickets for the Chicago May Music Festival closed with $10,000 in the box—so it is announced, in round numbers.

The Government has not found John W Dorsey, star-router, but warrants have been issued for him and placed in the hands of Government officers.

Mathias Schnell, of Rock Island, received from the Farwells and their associates, $15,500 cash for his interest in the contract to erect a capitol for Texas.

Mrs. Christiancy now wants testimony taken in Lima to show that Chester, who swore to Haight's criminal confessions, is a notorious liar and scoundrel.

A match has been arranged between Boyd, of Middleborough, and Laycock, of Pawtucket, Australia, a race on the Teas the 3d of July for $400 a side.

It is said that 24,000 Chinese will land at Victoria before the 1st of August, and that work on the main line of the Canada Pacific will be pushed with vigor.

The advisory freight-rate commission, represented by ex-Sen. Thurman and Judge Cooley, has closed its session in St. Louis, and will next visit Louisville and Toledo.

Andrew Blair, eldest son of Frank P. Blair, was, upon motion of Gov. Noyes, unanimously elected a member of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, at St. Louis.

The Methodist Conference at Nashville has elected Rev. John S. Martin, of the Baltimore Conference, Secretary, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Dr. Summers.

To make up the $40,000 endowment fund for the William Penn Abbott Professorship in Swarthmore University, Mrs. Abbott gave $10,000; O. H. Fletcher, $10,000, and J. C. Stayback, $20,000.

A vessel will leave San Francisco, first month, in charge of Lieut. Geo. S. Powell, for the relief of the expedition to Point Barrow, the most northern point of the continent of America.

Denver is suffering from a scarcity of beef. Several hotels were unable to obtain any for Sunday, and had ordered from fancy. Meats, Kansas City, Cheyenne.

The New York State Board of Health reports that sugar sold in New York is not adulterated to any considerable extent, although much adulterated sugar is there prepared for the Western market.

Charles F. Hudson, proprietor of a sawmill at LaGrange, Ind., while working in his mill, Tuesday morning, was killed by being struck in the stomach by a board that caught in a circular saw.

Special reports sent in to the Detroit Free and Tribune from the fruit-growing regions of Michigan indicate that the yield this year will be a good one, in spite of what damage was done by recent frosts.

The Grand Commandery of Knights Templar of Michigan elected Chas. E. Grisson, of St. Johns, Grand Commander; H. F. Moore, Detroit, Generalissimo; Eugene Robison, Detroit, Captain General.

The accounts of the New York May Music Festival Committee are not yet balanced. Enough is known, however, to show that the deficiency, if any, will not exceed $5,000; and they may come out even.

Dr. Max Schiller, of Indianapolis, died Tuesday of paralysis. His will directs a careful post-mortem examination, the surgeon being privileged to retain any part of the organs, the remainder of the body to be cremated.

The Chickasaw Guards, of Memphis, have telegraphed a formal entry to the contest for the prize offered at the Indianapolis Encampment in July. This makes 12 companies which have formally entered for competition.

Thomas Malaby, who, pretending to be a religious convert, robbed the house of Hugh Bell, with whom he was stopping, near Chillicothe, O., has been sentenced to the Penitentiary for five years. He is an old jail-bird.

The German Methodist Episcopal Church is holding its yearly conference at Columbus, O. The district composes about one-half of this State and part of West Virginia and numbers about 3,000 members, including 23 ministers.

Gov. Jerome and members of the State Fire Commission are making a tour of inspection through the burned district of Michigan. They find that the sufferers have been doing their best to retrieve their shattered fortunes.

The Board of Control of Hamilton County have requested the County Commissioners to demand a return of all money collected by the Auditor for extra personal services, and in case of refusal to proceed to collect the same by legal process.

Young Duval, who shot himself when discarded by Cora Pearl, has returned, since his recovery, to the business of his father, the rich butcher of bouillons, and has made a fortune to take the place of the one he inherited and squandered.

The National Temperance Society re-elected Wm. E. Dodge President. Receipts of the year, $49,000; expenditures, $46,000. Resolutions were adopted heartily congratulating the friends of temperance throughout the land upon the marked progress of temperance reform the past year.

The Masons of Kentucky will celebrate St. John's Day in Louisville. One feature is prize drills for $1,500 and $1,000. The Crescent City Rifles of New Orleans, Porter Rifles of Nashville, and Chickasaws of Memphis, have entered for the first contest. Other companies from the North and West are expected.

Capt. Payne is en route to Hunnewell, Kan., where he will lead into Indian Territory a train of 30 loaded wagons. He stated that 50 teams left Parsons Wednesday with lumber, provisions, and a printing office. Maj. Dellenbaugh, in Wichita bartled wire to fence 400,000 acres of land which he has leased from the Cherokees.

At a called meeting of the Trustees of Antioch College, held at Yellow Springs, O., in connection with a Board of representatives of the Christian denomination, it was agreed that the College be reopened next September with a faculty selected by the Christians. The best of feeling prevailed and great confidence was expressed as to the success of the College.

From the last report of the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics regarding petroleum exports, the following appears: Total for March, 1882, gallons 40,578,457, value $3,-750,706; total for March, 1881, gallons 32,-121,062, value $3,285,005; total for nine months ended March 31, 1882, gallons 414,-662,339, value $38,207,257; total for nine months ended March 31, 1881, gallons 272,-620,344, value $28,648,467.

Fire at New Orleans damaged the custom house $90,000.

The British channel squadron has been ordered to the Mediterranean.

The French Mediterranean squadron at Toulon has been ordered to prepare for Egypt.

A canister filled with blasting powder was found on the railing of the Lord Mayor's Mansion, London.

Sen. Bayard's house at Wilmington, Del., was entered by burglars, a few nights ago, and completely ransacked.

The American Tract Society issued the past year 222,000 volumes; received $379,-221, and expended $374,097.

Edward Hixon & Co., of Boston, furniture dealers, have failed. Liabilities between $100,000 and $300,000.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States will meet at Atlanta, Ga., on next Thursday.

A three-year-old child of John Miller died at Hagerstown, Ind., from the effects of impure virus used in vaccination.

Reuben Lucas, for the murder of Thompson M. Kinney, in the Choctaw Nation, has been sentenced to be shot May 26.

Hon. B. Butterworth, of Cincinnati, has accepted an invitation to deliver an address at Frederick, Md., on Decoration-day.

Dr. Joseph McCutcheon, of Indiana, died at the home of his nephew, in Brooklyn, aged 72. He had just arrived from Europe.

Col. R. G. Ingersoll will deliver the oration at the opening of the Mining and Industrial Exhibition at Denver on August 1.

Among the amendments to the repression bill to be proposed by the Parnellites, is one limiting the operation of the act to one year.

Alpheus W. Wilson was elected Bishop by the Methodist Conference at Nashville, on the first ballot. Four more are to be chosen.

The pension appropriation bill is completed. It appropriates $100,000,000, the exact amount recommended in the estimates.

Peter Cooper has addressed a long petition to Congress in behalf of Treasury notes as the exclusive paper currency of the country.

Frank L. Bruce, of East Saginaw, Mich., has absconded, leaving a number of creditors in the lurch. He is also charged with forgery.

Frank Parento, a Detroit bartender, while under the influence of liquor, jumped from a third story window and was instantly killed Saturday.

James G. Blaine has given to a New England Senator positive assurances that he will not be a candidate for a seat in the House of Representatives.

The Cleveland Iron mills, Saturday, paid off the striking employes, the pay roll amounting to $100,000. It is thought the mills will not soon resume work.

The Young Men's Democratic Club, of New York, after an angry debate, laid on the table a resolution proposing the name of Samuel J. Tilden for Governor.

The Hamilton County Commissioners have called upon Auditor Cappeller and other officials, to return all fees collected by them outside of their regular duties.

Latest advices from Eureka Springs, state that Sen. Ben. Hill, though apparently slowly improving, is in condition to excite grave doubts of ultimate recovery.

Lorillard's Iroquois is scratched from all engagements at Ascot; Powhatan and Nemo are scratched for the Derby, and Hiawasse scratched for the Oakes stakes.

Dennis Leary, a politician and saloonkeeper of Rochester, N. Y., has been placed under bonds of $2,000 to answer the charge of burning the Spencer House at Charlotte.

In a dense pine forest, 10 miles northeast of Sparata, Wis., wild pigeons have established a roost half a mile wide and 10 miles long, every tree containing 20 or more nests.

Judgment was filed Saturday against the estate of the late Cornelius J. Vanderbilt, for $24,000, obtained in the Supreme Court by Zachariah E. Simmons, the lottery man.

Gen. Joseph G. Barnard, for many years at the head of the Department of Engineers, U. S. A., died in Detroit Sunday. His remains will be taken to his home at Sheffield, Mass.

Eight new cases of small-pox have developed on the British steamer "Altenower," lying in quarantine at San Francisco, after bringing across the Pacific 1,084 of Chinese.

It is probable that ex-Sec. Kirkwood will be chairman of the tariff commission will be appointed by the President, and Edward Atkinson, of Boston, is named as a member.

C. D. W. Young, Stewart Moore and C. C. Gosnell went out for a sail on White Bear Lake Sunday morning, and cannot be found. Two hats and a broken rudder were found on shore.

Quite a breeze was stirred up among the colored people of Boston by the alleged refusal at the Revere House of a room for occupancy by Gen. Robert Small, on account of his color.

A practical test of an electric accumulator has been made by the steamship Labrador, which indulged in lights all the way across the Atlantic from electricity stored April 25 on the other side.

Buffalo Bill, who already owns an extensive cattle ranch near North Platte, Neb., is pressing a suit to recover lands at Cleveland belonging to his grandfather, and has been offered $300,000 to compromise.

George Lesard, a resident of Montpeal, is nearly 105 years of age. He fought in 14 battles under Napoleon I., and served under the British flag in the war of 1812. When a centenarian he indulged in a fourth wife.

A call is issued for a State Convention of Kentucky colored men, at Lexington, June 13. Among the many things to be considered being, equal taxation, equal educational facilities and the right to sit upon juries.

The Illinois Board of Agriculture reports an improvement in the condition of Winter wheat in all sections of the State. No damage has resulted from chinch bugs. The yield promises to be three to five per cent. better than the average.

Unless a deficiency appropriation is made by Congress for the Navy Department, Sec. Chandler has notified about 80 clerks that their services will have to be dispensed with on or before the 1st of June because of a want of funds to pay them.

In a suit involving 180,000 acres of land in Iowa, between the St. Paul and Sioux City and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Roads, Judge Love has decided that the tract be divided equally between the contestants, and has appointed commissioners to make the partition.

The United states frigate Shenandoah, which arrived in New York a few days ago with the Brazil squadron, where she was flagship for three years, went to the Brooklyn Navy Yard yesterday. She will be dismantled and put out of commission, and her crew will be detached.

The Detroit Lubricator Company have commenced suit in the United States District Court at Cleveland against the Lake Shore Railroad Company for infringing their patents by using the Detroit Oil Cup Company's lubricator, with the light fed. Quite a large amount is involved.

The May report of the condition of winter wheat by a statistician of the Department of Agriculture, makes the average for the entire breadth 100, of standard undiminished vitality and medium growth. Average condition in April 102, higher than reported for many years. In April last year it was 80.

Mary McGee, 22 years old, who had experienced a disappointment in love, sprang from a bridge of the Erie Railroad, near Newark, into the Passaic River, a distance of about 150 feet. She was rescued by a boatman. This is said to be the fifth attempt at suicide which she has made within six months.

The New York Assembly has passed a bill to exclude from Castle Garden all immigrants brought across the Atlantic by steamship companies which decline to pay a commission of 50 cents per head. The measure is regarded as certain to become a law, and the forwarders will be compelled to accept its terms.

A. R. Thompson, associate editor of St. Nicholas Magazine, died of scarlet fever on Tuesday night in Brooklyn. His father was a Colonel in the British Army. He was born in Paris, and was 34 years old when he died. He was the "Jack in the Pulpit" of the magazine. He leaves a widow and a boy two years old.

In Galveston, Wednesday, men were employed in laying a land cable from the office of the Mexican Company to the Gulf at the foot of Nineteenth street. The steamer "International" will arrive from England May 30, to lay a cable from that vessel to Vera Cruz, Santiago and make a junction from the Mexican system, embracing 5,000 miles.

At Clinton, Ills., Friday, Patsey Devine, the twice convicted murderer of Aaron Goodfellow, was hanged in the County jail, in the presence of 150 people. He died game, never was cooler, more self possessed or entirely unrepiad. He denied on the scaffold his guilt in a short speech, asking forgiveness of all whom he had ever wronged. His last words previous to putting on the black cap were, "Wait a moment till I take this chew out of my mouth." Before stepping on the trap he tested it carefully with his right foot.

The puddlers of the Fishback rolling mills, at Pottsville, Pa., are out for an advance of 50 cents per ton. They declined 25 cents, and the president declined to compromise at 37 cents.

There is a prospect of a dividend being paid the creditors of the Great Western Insurance Company. A meeting of creditors was to be held Saturday, but was postponed for 30 days.

The Tennessee Senate have passed the bill to fund the State debt at 60 cents, and 3, 4, 5 and 6 per cent. interest. The vote stood 14 to 11. The bill will probably also pass the lower House.

Three coffin-makers of Philadelphia, who were enticed to Pittsburg on the representation that no strike existed, have obtained judgment against the Excelsior coffin works for its misrepresentation.

It appears that Gilbert Burns Begg, the nephew of Robert Burns, aged 81, is an inmate of the poor house at Glasgow. The Christian Leader, a Scottish paper, appeals to the charitable on his behalf.

An oil spring has been opened in Boyd County, Kentucky, on the lands of F. J. Miller, nine miles from Ashland and two miles from the Chattaroi railroad, which runs 180 gallons per day of good petroleum.

It is said the President has selected three of the nine Commissioners to be appointed to revise the tariff, viz.: Ex-Secretary Kirkwood, ex-Governor Bullock, of Georgia, and Henry W. Oliver of Pittsburg.

Three thousand immigrants have landed at Quebec in four days. The steamer "Mississippi" brought 588. She was two weeks in ice and before entering was in collision with a ship. The ice cut two holes in the steamer.

Nine leading Independent Democrats met Monday at Atlanta, and issued an address to the people of Georgia, indefinitely postponing the mass meeting called for June 1st and urging the party to support Alex. H. Stephens for Governor.

Monroe H. Rosenfeld, author of the song "See that my grave's kept green," and other popular music, was sentenced in the United States Court at Indianapolis to two years' hard labor in the Northern Prison, for passing a forged postal money order.

The Longfellow Memorial Association has issued a circular asking for contributions of $1 each for the purpose of permanently preserving the residence of the poet and creating enduring memorials to his fame on the grounds of his residence.

The Chief of Police of St. Louis received, last Wednesday, a letter offering important information in regard to a plot to murder Under Secretary Burke, on condition that the life of the assassins be spared and that a handsome reward be paid the writer.

Saturday night while Joseph Caviness, a prominent merchant, was going from his store to his residence, five miles from Carmenville, Ark., he was shot by an unknown person from the roadside and wounded in the left arm and side, though not fatally.

Up to the present time there have been shipped this year and deposited by the United States Fish Commission, about 6,-000,000 shad. The work of the entire season will probably embrace the distribution of nearly 8,000,000 shad and countless millions of herrings.

At Battle Creek, Mich., Mrs. Anna Prosser and a daughter of the same name, went down to the Kalamazoo River, at 10 o'clock on Friday night, and leaped in to end their troubles. The mother perished, but the daughter waded ashore in an almost unconscious condition.

Rev. Dr. Lofton, of St. Louis, is under a cloud, being accused by a lady with taking improper liberties while in a car. Ten deacons and prominent members of his church say that his mental condition for some time has been deranged. The Doctor says he has no recollection of any improper conduct.

Gov. Rusk has issued a proclamation announcing the death of Gov. C. C. Washburn, ex-Governor of Wisconsin, commending his example and life as worthy of imitation, appointing 10 eminent citizens as a Committee to attend the funeral obsequies, and directing that the Capitol be draped in mourning 30 days.

CHALMERS.

The Platform of the Independent Candidate for Congress.

WASHINGTON, May 16.—Gen. James R. Chalmers has published his announcement that he will be an Independent candidate for Representative in Congress in the Second District of Mississippi. He says that he has been talking for the Democracy for full 30 years, and that there has been but one single canvass in all that time, when he was in Mississippi, in which he did not spend time and money for the party. But now the "Lamar Democrats," who control the party in the State, have departed from the true Democratic faith, and have attempted to throw him overboard as a Jonah to the Republican whale, and he will oppose them in the next election. He announces that, as a candidate for Congress, he will stand on his own record—favoring the standard silver dollar and opposing the National banks; favoring a tariff for revenue, but willing to let the present tariff stand a few years to see if it will develop manufactures in the South, and raise revenue enough to pay the National debt and destroy the banks. Continuing, he says: "But the question which I regard as far above and beyond all other political questions in importance to us is the protection of the Mississippi Valley from overflow, and for the patriotic and manly message of Pres. Arthur on the subject I shall support his Administration on all questions where he is not antagonistic to the views here expressed."

A Leap of Ninety-five Feet to Escape the Gallows.

BALTIMORE, May 14.—John Brizzalaro, the italian who killed his wife on the 17th of March and wounded himself, and who was confined in the city jail, jumped from the fifth tier of the building to the corridor pavement below, a distance of 95 feet, and died shortly afterward. He was taken from the city hospital to the jail 10 days after the killing, and was confined in a cell on the first tier, being closely watched since. For the first two weeks his cell was guarded by one of the prisoners, who several times reported that Brizzalaro was melancholy and excitable, and about five weeks ago another prisoner was put into his cell, as it was believed that he was crazy. Saturday night he hardly slept at all. When the gong sounded this morning for breakfast, the prisoners came out from their cells, Brizzalaro being among their number. The man who had been placed to watch him was called away for a moment, and the Italian started up the steps leading to tier No. 2, and continued on until he reached the upper tier. A dozen men followed him, but before they had gone 20 feet Brizzalaro dropped a letter to the basement floor, and, kissing one who escaped from the cells through the railings, and leaped down to death. He alighted on his feet, then fell forward, and never spoke afterward. His footprints were plainly seen in the pavement, so severe had been the shock. The letter which he addressed was left to his brother in Italy, saying that the fear of being hanged prompted him to kill himself.

Porter's Case in Congress.

WASHINGTON, May 12.—Notwithstanding the favorable action of the President in his case, it is certain that Gen. Porter will not find all obstacles smoothed away from his path, so far as Congress is concerned. The Senate Military Committee some weeks ago adopted a rule that it would not restore to the army men who had been dropped from its rolls to the prejudice of those already upon the army list. Any man who has lost his position in the army, and who desires to go back, under this rule of the Committee can only be appointed to the army as a Second Lieutenant. The reinstatement of an officer of higher rank in the army, after he has once been dropped, always is done to the prejudice of those below him. To remedy this injustice the Committee has adopted this rule. It is believed here that if Gen. Porter succeeds in carrying his point in being appointed Colonel in the army and immediately retired, he will then come in with an additional bill asking for back pay. The amount claimed by him is about $100,000. It is natural to suppose that if his first proposition is granted, the second will come easily enough.

The Remains of S. P. Chase.

WASHINGTON, May 16.—Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague, it is said, will leave for Cincinnati in a few days, at the invitation of her father's friends there, who desire to perfect the arrangements for removal of Mr. Chase's remains from Oak Hill Cemetery, near Georgetown, to Spring Grove, near Cincinnati, which, it has always been understood, was to have been their final resting place. At Oak Hill there is no monument except a plain granite slab marked "Chase." At Spring Grove, it is understood, a fitting monument will be raised over the grave of the statesman, financier and jurist. Hon. William P. Gallagher, formerly of Ohio, but now residing near Louisville, Ky., who is in the City, it is said, will escort Mrs. Sprague to Cincinnati.

$112,400 Given Away

Every month (1,960 prizes,) and why no you one of the lucky holders of a ticket. It is easily done by remitting $2 to R. M. BOARDMAN, Louisville, Ky.

FORTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, May 12.

Bills authorizing the construction of bridges across the Mississippi at Memphis and across the Arkansas at Vanburen were favorably reported, the latter authorizing the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad Company to build a bridge, passed.

Consideration of the Intermediate Appellate Court bill was resumed, the question being upon its passage.

Sen. Pugh referred to the recent declaration of Sen Davis (Ill.) that if he had the power he would divide the appointees equally between the two parties. Sen. Pugh construed this as an indication of that Senator's course in regard to the nominations when these came in for confirmation, and added the minority were compelled to trust the President to select Judges with reasonable impartiality.

Sen. Davis (Ill.) in replying to the objections made in debate, reviewed the action of the Federal Courts in awarding writs of mandamus and Supreme Court decisions concerning municipal corporations.

The discussion continued upon amendments of details, which were rejected, except in two instances, when they were accepted by friends of the measure without vote. The bill passed finally by yeas 32, nays 18, receiving the support of all the Republicans and Bayard, Cockrell, Jackson, Harris, Pugh and Walker, Democrats.

Sen. Garland, in favor of the bill, was paired with Edmunds (absent) in the negative.

The bill creates nine Intermediate Courts, or one in each existing circuit, and 18 new Circuit Judges, or two additional for each Circuit, who are to be appointed by the President. The Court of each Circuit will then consist of the Associate Justice of the Supreme Court allotted to that Circuit, three Circuit Judges and two of the District Judges, the latter to be designated at each term for the succeeding term and if practicable by rotation, and four of the Judges to constitute a quorum. Appellate jurisdiction is conferred upon the new Court over the decrees of the Circuit or District Courts in causes involving more than $500, or where the Circuit or District Judge shall certify the adjudication involves a question of general importance. The decision of the Appellate Court on questions of fact are to be conclusive, but reviews upon points of law may be had upon writs of error to the Supreme Court when the matter in controversy exceeds $10,000, the present limitation being $5,000. In a criminal case a writ of error may be sued out if allowed by the Judge of the Appellate Court, but cannot be granted after an unsuccessful application to another Judge. If the Judges do not differ and the case is within their jurisdiction, their action is to be final, and a writ may be taken upon the question of jurisdiction not to review the whole case. Exceptional permission to appeal to the Supreme Court is also granted in questions involving the construction of the Constitution or the validity of treaty or Federal law. The bill prescribes the clerical force of the new Court and fixes the following as the places at which the first terms of Courts in the respective Circuits shall be held: Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Richmond, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco. The terms are to begin the first Tuesdays in May and November, beginning with November, 1882. It is also provided that a District or Circuit Judge who tried a case shall not sit in hearing upon an appeal.

The conference report on the Fortification Appropriation bill was agreed to. The item appropriating $5,000 to enable the Ordnance Department to loan old heavy artillery to the militia of the State for practice purposes was retained.

The conference report on the Agricultural Appropriation bill was also adopted.

At five minutes to 4 the Land bill was made unfinished business.

Adjourned until Monday.

HOUSE.

A bill passed providing for the removal of the remains of Gen. Kilpatrick from Chili to the United States.

The conference report on the fortification appropriation bill was agreed to, and the House resumed consideration of the Geneva award bill.

The substitute for the minority was rejected, by 46 to 100, and the bill then passed by yeas 199, nays 61.

The conference report on the agricultural appropriation bill was agreed to.

Mr. Crapo endeavored to call up the National Bank Charter bill, but failed to obtain the necessary two-thirds.

The call of committees having been concluded, Mr. Crapo called up the special order reported by Mr. Randall, calling attention to the fact that private business had been neglected for three Fridays, raised a question of consideration in favor of the private calendar. The Democratic side showed a disposition to filibuster, and the yeas and nays were ordered. Successive votes showed no quorum, the Democrats generally refusing to vote. Finally, on motion of Mr. Robeson, after the report on forestry was referred, the House adjourned.

HOUSE.

WASHINGTON, May 13.

The River and harbor bill was reported. Ordered printed and recommitted.

An effort to report the bill to suspend the issue of silver certificates, and to limit the coinage of silver dollars to the requirements of the people, met with objection.

Mr. Crapo then called up for consideration the bill to enable the National Banking Associations to extend their corporate existence.

Mr. Crapo explained the provisions of the bill, and explained why is demanded the action of Congress.

Mr. Bland expressed opposition to the national bank system, characterized it as legalized robbery, and advocated the free and unlimited coinage of silver.

Mr. Smith (Ill.) advocated the continuance of the national banking system.

After several other speeches the matter went over.

Mr. Aldrich introduced a bill tendering the thanks of Congress to Lieut. Danenhower, and conferring upon him the rank of Lieutenant Commander. Referred. Adjourned.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, May 15.

Favorable reports were made for public buildings at Louisville, Ky., Hannibal, Mo., Detroit, Mich., Council Bluffs, Ia., and Jackson, Tenn.

Bills were introduced and referred: To aid in the endowment of a school of forestry at St. Paul; for a public building at Lacrosse, Wis.; a joint resolution for an international convention to recommend the establishment of a standard meridian for reckoning longitude and time.

Sen. Morgan moved amendments to the House Bonded Distilled Spirits bill in the form of a substitute for that measure.

Sen. Harris' bill to refund the taxes on incomes collected from citizens of Tennessee without authority passed.

The five per cent. land bill was laid over informally, and the House bill for the removal of the remains of Gen. Kilpatrick passed.

Sen. Beck then addressed the Senate on the House bonded distilled spirits bill.

Sen. Beck' resolution having served its purpose in calling attention to the subject, was indefinitely postponed.

Sen. Garland reported from the Judiciary Committee an amendment to the revised statutes relating to claims of persons in the naval service entitled to bounty land warrants.

Five hundred thousand dollars was appropriated for public buildings at Louisville.

After an executive session the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.

Mr. Robinson offered a resolution requesting the President to inform the House whether certain official papers recently published regarding the imprisonment of American citizens in British prisons have been received at the State Department, and what answer had been given thereto.

By Lynch—To reimburse the depositors of the Freedmen's Savings and Trust Company for losses incurred by the failure of said company.

A resolution was adopted directing the Secretary of War to inquire into the propriety of purchasing the dwelling house in Washington in which Pres. Lincoln died.

Mr. Strait moved to suspend the rules and pass a bill revising the laws relating to the militia force of the United States. The motion met strong opposition and was lost by yeas 61; nays 138.

The House by yeas 155; nays 48, suspended the rules and passed the bill providing that no action for damages nor infringement of patents shall be sustained for the use of any patented article or device when it shall appear on trial that defendant purchased such article for a valuable consideration in an open market.

Mr. Lynch introduced a bill to repeal section 2,020 of the revised statutes, relative to the appointment and duties of Supervisors of Election. Section 2,020 provides that Supervisors shall have no authority to make arrests or perform any other duties than to witness the election proceeding and the making of returns. The bill also requires United States Supervisors in their reports to the Chief Supervisor to state the violations of the act giving the United States Attorney free access to the reports to obtain information upon which to institute a criminal prosecution against any person charged with violating the provisions of the act. Referred.

The Commissioner of Pensions informed the House that the deficiency appropriation of $16,000,000 to meet the June payments of any pensions should be made available by the 20th inst.

CHARLIE ROSS.

A Boy Found in Chicago Believed to be the Long-lost Charlie.

CHICAGO, May 14.—Early yesterday morning Mrs. Descarmus, of 285 West Jackson street, reported to detective headquarters that a boy answering the description of Charlie Ross, kidnapped from Philadelphia several years since, was residing with his reputed father at 206 South Sangamon street. The boy was seen this evening by a reporter and told the following story:

"I used to live in Philadelphia, but was taken away by some strange men while playing with my brother. They sent my brother after some candy, and when he was gone they placed a plaster over my mouth, lifted me into a carriage and drove away. Since then I have lived in various places. For the past three years I have been kept in a Catholic Sisters' school in St. Louis."

The boy is a slender youth, about 10 years of age, has fair complexion, hazel eyes and light auburn hair. He is well dressed, and appears more refined and of different blood from the party having him in charge. He talks intelligently, and says that his reputed father, who is a rough-looking man, often threatened him with instant death if he ever attempted to reveal the story of the kidnapping or his subsequent residence in St. Louis. The boy also told Mrs. Descarmus, who had gained his confidence as a neighbor, that the reason of his reputed father moving from place to place, was to prevent his being kidnapped again. His name was once Charlie, but his father compels him to give his name as Willie. It is evident that the boy believes the man having him in charge to be his real father. This man is uncouth in appearance, gives his name as Macks and is very uncommunicative as to the origin of the boy.

The affair has caused considerable excitement in detective circles, and it is now thought that Macks will be arrested in the morning and the identity of the boy fully established, as all witnesses are confident the boy is Charley Ross.

DROWNED.

Six Men and Two Boys Drowned in Lake Calumet, Near Chicago, in Full View of Hundreds of Spectators.

PULLMAN, Ill., May 15.—The most distressing accident that has yet happened in Pullman occurred at about 7 o'clock Saturday night. A sailing boat with eight persons aboard capsized in Lake Calumet, and all were drowned. The boat was a small craft, used by the Pullman people for pleasure excursions and at the time mentioned had on board a party consisting of Capt. Buckland, an old sea captain, recently from Maine, his two sons, boys of 17 and 12 years of age, John Smith, foreman in the car department and four men whose names cannot at present be ascertained. They had gone out merely for pleasure. The accident was caused by the rough water. They were urged by friends not to venture out. The capsizing of the boat was witnessed by a large number of persons on shore, including the wife and daughter of Capt. Bucklin. As the boat went over a scene of terror ensued on shore. As soon as possible three boats were manned and put out to the victims, and were seen battling in the waves, but although they got within hailing distance of the hopeless persons it was impossible to do anything, owing to the terrible condition of the lake. Several of the rescuing parties had narrow escapes from drowning.

At this writing the town is wild with excitement over the sad event, as all the persons drowned were well known in Pullman. The lake shore is lined with people, and the water is being dragged for the bodies.

Two of the bodies—those of Smith and one of the Bucklin boys—have been recovered.

M. E. Conference—Rules in Regard to Liquor.

NASHVILLE, May 13.—The Methodist Conference was engaged most of the day in a discussion of the number of Bishops to be elected, without reaching a conclusion.

Dr. Kelley, of Nashville, urged the need of Bishops in the Western country and Mexico. In the first direction there was a crisis coming on Methodism that field be longed to Methodism, and the question for them to consider was whether they would take their own, or relinquish the field to others. The Committee on Temperance submitted the following rules, to be placed in the book of discipline: Let preachers and members observe the general rules which forbids drunkenness or the drinking of spirituous liquors, unless in cases of necessity. In case of drunkenness, let discipline be administered as in a case of immorality. Let all of our preachers and and members abstain from the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors to be used as a beverage, and if any shall engage in such manufacture or sale, in such case let the discipline be administered as in a case of imprudent or improper conduct.

GLADSTONE EXCITED.

A Sensation in the House of Commons Over the Release of Suspects.

LONDON, May 16.—In the Commons, this afternoon, Gladstone, replying to a request of Northcote for further information regarding negotiations with suspects, reiterated that it was not conducive to law and order to explain details. He said it was the duty of the Government, neither looking to the right nor left, to open the prison doors. He had no communication with Parnell, and there was no official communication or stipulation.

In consequence of Gladstone's answer, Balfour (Conservative) moved the adjournment of the House.

A long debate is expected.

Balfour said the compact with the suspects was an unexampled infamy.

Gladstone, speaking with great passion, declared there was not a word of truth in the charge that a compact existed, and such accusations were a disgrace to those making them.

Ex-Sen. Dorsey Answers to His Name.

WASHINGTON, May 16.—Attorney-Gen. Brewster was in Court this morning when the star route cases came up. The Deputy Marshal reported he had been unable to arrest John W. Dorsey, and had no information of his whereabouts. Judge Wylie suggested that perhaps Dorsey might be in Court, and directed his name be called. As the crier called his name Carpenter rose, and, to the surprise of the spectators, said John W. Dorsey was in Court, and had been in the city 10 days. He added that it had been Dorsey's intention from the first to attend when wanted. Dorsey was then arraigned and pleaded "not guilty."

Merrick said the Government was ready to proceed, but stated the grand jury was now considering the Reidell case, and if Reidell was not tried with the other defendants it would necessitate another trial of his case. Hearing was then adjourned until the 25th inst., Judge Wylie reminding the Marshal he was responsible for the person of Dorsey until bail was furnished.

Alabama Tragedy.

DECATUR, May 16.—A man named Andrew Allen, residing in Fayette County, separated from his wife for several months past, visited her at her mother's residence yesterday and deliberately shot and killed her. A brother of the woman entered the house a few moments later, and, seeing his sister lying dead on the floor, fired a double barreled shotgun. Allen fell dead by the side of his wife. His slayer surrendered to the police.

Thomas M. Marshall.

PITTSBURG, May 16.—It is more than probable that Thomas M. Marshall will refuse the nomination of Congressman at large. He will not accept because of his promise to his dead wife not to be a candidate for office, and because he does not want to run on a Cameron ticket. It is intimated that Cameron will put Samuel B. Dick, of Meadville on the ticket in place of Marshall, should the latter decline.

High Price of Wheat in Spain.

NEW YORK, May 15.—The Secretary of State, of Spain, telegraphs the Consul General here to inform the trade of the price of wheat at present in Andalusia, Seville and Cadiz is from $1.50 to $1 in Cazil, Estremadura and Arragon, $1 and $1.50; in Alicante and Murcy, $2.75 and $3 per fanega. A fanega is one and six-tenths of a bushel.

Guiteau Will Swing.

WASHINGTON, May 15.—It is learned positively that the Supreme Court will on Monday next render a unanimous decision affirming the decision of the Court below in the Guiteau case.

Just Think of It!

$50,000 for $2; $15,000 for $1; besides a number of other large prizes awaiting distribution monthly drawing May 31st. Send in your orders at once to R. M. BOARDMAN, Louisville, Ky.

The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, WEDNESDAY, May 17, 1882.

The week just closed developed nothing new in the commercial situation. The previous week was not so favorable as was hoped for, and the storms of the past week were very unfavorable to business. Brighter skies and milder weather will again start trade into renewed life, and a more favorable report for the present week may be anticipated. The various manufactories are all fairly busy, and orders of good proportions for different classes of goods will undoubtedly be received during the next week. So that, all things considered, the prospect ahead is encouraging.

To-day's reports up to latest hour by telegraph to the Blade. Money is loaning at 3 @ cent. Prime mercantile paper at 4@5 @ cent. Bar silver, 114¾c. Sterling Exchange steady; actual business, $4.85 for 60 days and $4.89½ for sight. Government bonds unchanged, except extended 5s, which are 1½ @ cent. lower. State securities firm and at higher prices Railroad bonds irregular. **Stocks**—After 11 o'clock the market was very dull and prices fell off ¼@¾ @ cent. Specie engagements for to-morrow's steamers, $3,500,000.

Government Bonds—U. S. 6's extended, 101¾; U. S. 5's extended, 101½; 4½'s coupons, 112½; 4's coupons, 121c; Pacific 6's of '95, 132.

STATE STOCKS.

	Tues	Wed	Thr	Frid	Sat.	Mon
Old Tennessees	58¼	57	57¼	58¼	57½	57½
New Tennes'e's	59	57	57¼	58	55½	57½
Old Virginia's	35	35	33	34	34	34
Va. con. 3's, p'd	13	13½	14½	15	13	15
Missouri 6's	102	102	102¼	102¼	102¼	102¼
Louisiana 7's's	64	64	64	65	67	66

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

| | Tues | Wed | Thr | Frid |